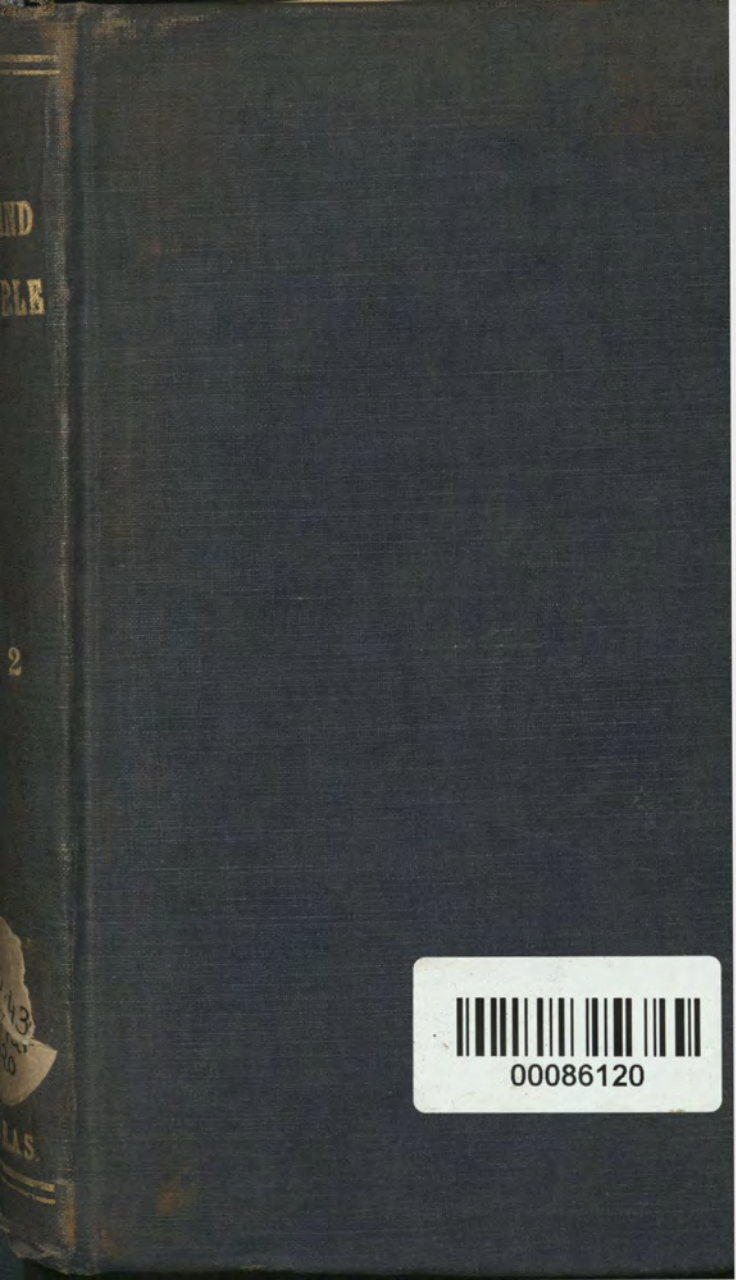
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PARIS AND ITS PEOPLE.

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86120

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LORDS AND COMMONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS,"

&c., &c.

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PARIS AND ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE KING AND HIS MINISTER.

Louis Philippe considered as a Statesman—Want of generosity in his character—His attachment to his Queen and family—His sensitiveness to what is said of him—His love of peace.—Guizot—His position in the Cabinet—Biographical notices—Sketch of his character.

I NEED not here repeat that Louis Philippe is a man of consummate abilities. If the greatest of a statesman be the success with which a man can rule a country, then is the King of the French a statesman of the highest order. This is the definition which most persons would be disposed to give of statesmanship. I must, however, confess that it does not satisfy me. I have

no idea of statesmanship, apart from the desire of seeking a people's good, from the purest and most generous motives. According to my apprehension, the real statesman is he, and he only, who seeks a nation's happiness for their own sake, and without any reference to personal advantage. The man who comes up to my idea of a statesman, is one in whose moral nature there is a liberal admixture of the spirit of genuine patriotism—one who is at all times ready to sacrifice his private interests and his personal ease, nay, health itself, if necessary, in the fulness of his anxiety to promote the well-being of his country. If my views on this point be correct, then the Citizen King, though the most consummate politician of the day, is no statesman. He is an utter stranger to the more generous impulses of our nature. Detached from himself and family, the people of France would be nothing in his eyes. Their weal or woe would concern him little. If he does what he knows will prove gratifying to them;

if he carefully ministers to their tastes and humours, their prejudices and partialities, it is because he feels that his own happiness and that of his family, is inseparably associated with their pleasures. He is a selfish man. His affections wholly centre in himself and family. He and they are ever uppermost in his thoughts. As a husband and father, he is everything that could be desired. There is not, in either capacity, a more exemplary man in his dominions. Nature evidently intended him for domestic life. I am persuaded he was much happier when living by his mental labours, in England and America, than he ever has been since his accession to the throne. He is devotedly attached to his Queen, and doatingly fond of his children. Were it possible for one in his situation to avoid society, he would be one of the most retired men in France. He would never, or very rarely, seek to cross the limits of his family circle. So far well: all worthy of the highest commendation. But being a king,

he ought to remember that he has subjects as well as a family; and that the former have, in one sense, as much a right to a place—though not to the same place—in his affections, as the latter. He is morally and socially bound, while not neglecting his family, to care for the moral and the social well-being of his subjects, and to see that that care be the result of a sincere regard for them, and not of a mere cold calculating policy.

My views of the character of Louis Philippe will not, I trust, be misunderstood. I do not wish to insinuate, neither do I believe, that there is any positive badness of heart about him; the blemish in his character, as a man and as a monarch, is of a negative character. It is not that he has any pleasure in evil; on the contrary, he would regret it: it is that he lacks the disposition and the desire to do good for its own sake. He does occasionally do good; he has brought forward and caused to be carried, several measures of a beneficial kind; but the good is

not done for its own sake; it is done from considerations of worldly policy. The defect in Louis's character, is, as has just been observed, negative, not positive. If he oppresses his subjects in any way, it is not that he has any abstract pleasure in oppression; it is because he believes that the stringent measure is necessary to the stability of his throne.

He is a suspicious man. He is assailed by constant apprehensions of occurrences taking place, which may jeopardize the crown he wears, or endanger the succession of his family. In this he is not to be blamed; nor can we wonder that such are his feelings, when it is remembered how many attempts have been made on his life, and also how great is the probability of a lengthened and troublous Regency, after the sternest of all kings has stripped him of the habiliments of royalty, and laid him in that place where he and the humblest of his subjects will meet on a footing of perfect equality. He is ever full of care and anxiety. I doubt if

he be not, from these causes, one of the most unhappy men in France. Never did king know better than he, how true is the observation which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of one of his monarchs, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." You see the impress of care in his countenance. If he ever does smile—and he very rarely makes the attempt—you cannot help being impressed with the conviction that it is a forced, not a natural smile. The countenance, in such a case, is no index to the state of the mind.

Louis Philippe is an avaricious man. There is not an individual among his 34,000,000 subjects, who is more the slave of the money-getting passion. I have heard secret whispers of his having had, so far back as five years ago, £300,000 in the English funds. No reliance can be placed on the statement, either as regards the exact sum, or as to his having any money at all in our funds. But that he is immensely rich, is a point respecting which there is

no doubt. I shall be greatly mistaken if it does not turn out, after his death, that he died in the possession of at least a million of our money.

What, it will be asked, can be the Citizen King's motive for his eager anxiety to amass money, seeing he is now on the wrong side of threescore and ten? The question may be best answered by asking another. When was it ever known that a man who had once fairly set his heart on amassing wealth, relinquished his avaricious habits as he advanced in life? On the contrary, there is no avarice so irrepressible and insatiable as the avarice of old age,—a period of life in which men are not only incapable of enjoying their wealth, but when, in the course of nature, they must soon be snatched away from it. Louis Philippe is passionately fond of money, not only for its own sake, but for the sake of his family. His ambition is, that he may be able to leave them riches as well as rank; knowing, that to those of them who are not destined to ascend the throne of France,

rank without riches to support it, would be but an inconvenience, and a source of misery.

The King of the French is exceedingly sensitive to public opinion; more so than any other monarch in modern Europe. He is particularly sensitive as to what foreigners may say of him: about what they think of him, if they only keep their thoughts to themselves, he cares comparatively little. He has not even the nerve to disregard pictorial caricatures of his personal appearance. So annoyed was he, some years ago, with a caricature of himself which appeared in the Paris "Charivari," a daily publication conducted on the same plan as our "Punch,"—but, of late, with less cleverness and spirit,—that he caused a law to be passed, making it a severely punishable offence to caricature the person of the King. When in Paris, I was told different tales respecting the particular caricature of himself which so much annoyed him; but I have reason to believe that the peculiarly obnoxious one was that (the Parisians will remember it well) in

which his head was likened to a pear; to which species of fruit it does actually bear a remarkable resemblance.

There are not wanting good qualities in the character of Louis Philippe. One excellent attribute in his character is, that he is a lover of peace. I believe that he is opposed to war from constitutional feelings, altogether apart from considerations of State expediency. He has nothing harsh, nothing vindictive about him. And his feelings as a man, in this matter, are strengthened and confirmed by his interests as a monarch. No one knows better than he what a dangerous as well as cruel game war is—how perilous to the throne of the sovereign, as well as expensive to his subjects, hostilities with other powers are. The friends of peace in Europe, and throughout the world, may rest assured, that France will not become a party to any war while Louis Philippe occupies its throne. A deputation from the Peace Convention, held in London in June last, waited on

Louis in July or August, I forget which, to present a memorial to him in favour of peace. One of the five gentlemen composing the deputation mentioned to me, when in Paris, what passed on the occasion. He received them in a most courteous manner. And here it is right to mention, that he is exceedingly agreeable in his demeanour to all who are privileged to have an interview with him. The deputation having paid their respects to the King, stated the purport of their visit, and presented the memorial. On hearing their statement, and receiving the document, he remarked that he was thoroughly opposed to the principle of war, and expressed a hope that the time was not distant, when all misunderstandings and quarrels among the powers of Europe, would be adjusted without resorting to arms. He added, with an emphasis which left no doubt in the minds of those present, of the sincerity with which he spoke, "I thank God, gentlemen, that war is so expensive.

The expense often prevents wars taking place, when other considerations would not."

Louis is tall and portly in his person. He stands quite erect, and looks well for one who is in his seventy-second year. His face partakes of the oval shape, and his cheeks are rather pluffy. But why should I attempt to describe him when his portrait is so generally to be met with in England? He is at present in better health than he has been for some time. Fifteen or sixteen months ago, fears were entertained that he had a dropsical tendency; but I believe that no such apprehensions are now entertained. It is a fact worthy of observation, that none of his ancestors, as far back as can be traced, lived to the age which he has already reached.

Having thus given a sketch of the King of France, let me now make a brief reference to his Minister.

M. Guizot has now been about three years the Prime Minister of France. He is emphati-

cally the Minister of Louis Philippe,—quite as much so as Sir Robert Peel is of our Queen. It is a remarkable fact, that never did two Ministers possess the same power in either the French or English Cabinets, as do the present Premiers of the two countries. Guizot's power, however, is widely different from that of Sir Robert Peel. He is powerful, because there happens to be a wonderful harmony between his own private views and those of his Sovereign. Louis has not taken half so active a part in the affairs of State, since the advent of Guizot, as he did under the Premiership of the predecessors of that statesman. There is such a perfect concurrence of opinion between him and his present Minister, and he has so much confidence in the judgment and abilities of Guizot, that the latter may be said to be a Minister,—a thing which could not be predicated of any other First Minister of France, since the accession of Louis Philippe. The power of Sir Robert Peel is altogether different. It is wholly

independent of the Sovereign,—she having, in effect, no will of her own on great political questions, but leaving everything to the judgment of her Minister.

For several years Guizot applied himself exclusively to literary pursuits. Until he had reached his twenty-sixth year, he knew comparatively little of politics. Accident, rather than choice, induced him to launch on that stormy and perilous ocean,—perilous to one's mental peace, and often to his public character. This was in 1814, when he was appointed Secretary to the new Minister of the Interior. Circumstances concurring to afford him an opportunity of displaying his wonderful and varied talents, he rose, step by step, until he reached the highest pinnacle of distinction to which a subject can attain—that of Prime Minister to his Sovereign.

For the last twelve or fifteen years, Guizot has acted so prominent a part in the drama of French politics, as to leave him but little leisure

for application to literary or philosophical pursuits. The most remarkable production which, in the course of that period, has proceeded from his pen, is his celebrated treatise on European Civilization; in which he advances the extraordinary and startling theory, that in order to the social regeneration of Europe, there must be an amalgamation of the three great religions, —Protestantism, Catholicism, and Infidelity. Some may demur to the class of opinions represented by the latter term, being regarded as a religion at all. My own impression is, that Infidelity ought to be looked on as a system based on the entire absence of religion.

M. Guizot's works are voluminous in number and varied in character. His earliest avowed production appeared in 1809; its subject will be inferred from the title—"A Dictionary of Synonymes." A translation into French, of Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," speedily followed. Shortly after the appearance of the latter work, he

brought out his "Lives of the French Poets." M. Guizot's next work of any extent and importance, was his "Memoirs of the Revolution in England." This work was published in 1825, and was followed, after a short interval, by his "Memoirs of the Kings of France." The latter production was soon succeeded by his "Essays on the History of France;" in which a flood of new light is poured on the origin and early annals of the French nation. Among the latest of his literary productions, are his "Essays on Calvin and Shakspeare." The very choice of such dissimilar subjects as the character and works of Calvin and Shakspeare, furnishes of itself presumptive proof of the versatility of Guizot's genius.

During his short residence in England, M. Guizot repeatedly appeared in public. I chanced to sit for several hours, within two or three yards of him, on the occasion, in June, 1840, on which Prince Albert presided at Exeter Hall, at the great meeting for promoting commerce and

civilization in Africa. He sat nearly all the time with folded arms, and with one knee thrown carelessly over the other. He listened with the greatest seeming attention to the different speeches delivered on the occasion; and appeared to take no ordinary interest in the proceedings. When Sir Robert Peel rose to address the meeting, he instantly fixed his eye on the right hon. baronet, and did not withdraw it for a moment, until the latter resumed his seat. If the expression of Guizot's countenance, on that occasion, furnished a correct index to what was passing in his mind, he must have listened with an admiration bordering on ecstacy, to the eloquent address, most chastely and impressively delivered, of the leader of the Conservative party.

But though on this occasion M. Guizot was a silent spectator of the proceedings, he has on other occasions, in the same place, countenanced by a speech, as well as by his presence, the Society whose interests the meeting had assembled

to promote. He some years ago addressed, at considerable length, in the same hall, a meeting of a Society, the name of which I forget at the moment, which has for its object to promote the cause of Protestantism on the Continent. And so correctly does M. Guizot speak English, that, but for the peculiar way in which he pronounced the letter *r*, a person previously unacquainted with the fact, might have quitted the meeting without discovering that he was a foreigner. He has a singularly fine, clear, sonorous voice, and remarkably little of the nasal twang so characteristic of the pronunciation of Frenchmen. He speaks with a facility and fluency which are surprising in a foreigner. His enunciation is deliberate, and his manner calm and dignified. Unlike most of his countrymen, he is sparing of his gesture. Now and then, when referring to the warmth of his attachment to a principle or a cause, he slowly places his hand on his heart,—which, when naturally done, usually carries with it a more

complete conviction of the sincerity of the speaker, than the vehement utterance of mere words.

In the Chamber of Deputies, however, M. Guizot is represented by those who have often seen him mount the rostrum, as somewhat prodigal of gesticulation, when excited by opposition or by other causes. On such occasions, his dark piercing eye acquires an aspect of peculiar quickness; the muscles of his face are put in motion; and his arms are seen cleaving the air with no ordinary rapidity.

The countenance of M. Guizot has a mingled expression of thoughtfulness and dignity. You imagine you clearly discern in it indications of habits of profound meditation, blended with a decided consciousness of his intellectual superiority. Nor does this conviction vanish or become less confident, when he rises to speak. His speeches are instinct with philosophical matter, and are delivered with the aspect and manner of one who feels his mental superiority

to most of those, if not to all of them, by whom he is surrounded. His manner is, as already remarked, calm and dignified; and the dignity of his aspect and delivery is not diminished by the smallness of his person. I know of no member of either House of Parliament, equally short and slender, whose appearance and manner of speaking are so much calculated to inspire respect. But though M. Guizot usually speaks in a subdued tone, and in a calm and dignified manner, no man can feel more acutely, or resent with greater warmth, any personal attack which may be made upon him. Naturally proud, as his greatest friends admit he is, his pride on such occasions triumphs over the cold composure of which his philosophy is at other times the parent; and he retaliates on his opponent with a bitterness of spirit, and a violation of the courtesies of society, which but ill comport with the demeanour expected from one who is so ambitious of being considered beyond the reach of those feelings, resentments, and

passions, which influence the generality of mankind. He glories in his stoicism. There are no two incidents in his life on which he affects to look back with greater self-gratulation, than on those of reading, with unmoved feelings, Bossuet's Sermons, to his dying wife; and being the first to throw, without experiencing the least emotion of soul, a handful of earth on the coffin of his son, as the coffin containing that son's remains was consigned to the tomb. And yet the man who prides himself on the stoical philosophy which could extinguish every spark of tender or sorrowful feeling, on such affecting occasions, has not stoicism or philosophy enough to steel his mind against the attacks of an opponent in the Chamber of Deputies, or to control his temper when he rises to repel such attacks.

Let me here, by way of parenthesis, contrast the overwhelming grief which Burke felt, when death deprived him of his son, and the absorbing and settled sorrow which Lord Brougham

still feels at the loss of his daughter, with the cold heartless philosophy with which M. Guizot regarded the death of his son. How beautiful and lovely the spectacle of the two former illustrious individuals in tears! How repulsive the unmoved bosom,—how unamiable the heartless indifference of the latter!

In his political opinions, M. Guizot seeks to steer a middle course between an absolute monarchy and a pure democracy. He is, what in this country would be called a liberal Conservative, or moderate Whig. Imitating, however, the memorable avowal of Earl Grey, when he proclaimed, that should a struggle ever take place between the people and his order, he would stand by his order,—M. Guizot has declared, that in the event of a deadly combat occurring between a pure democracy and an absolute monarchy, he would at once identify himself with the latter cause, as being of the two evils incomparably the least.

M. Guizot is a man of the strictest integrity

in his public character. It will therefore surprise no one to be told that he is very poor. His habits, however, are simple, and his expenditure is consequently limited. He lives in a small homely house, and glories in the humble aspect which his establishment presents.

In his religious opinions, he professes to be a Protestant of the Reformed Calvinistic Church; and at one time, he occasionally attended a Protestant place of worship in Paris. For a considerable time, however, he has not been in any place of worship at all. I asked a literary member of the Chamber of Deputies what was thought in France of Guizot's religion. "Guizot's religion!" said he, with some degree of surprise, "Guizot's religion is personal ambition."—He is in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

CHAPTER II.

THE HIGHER CLASSES.

The past and present state of the nobility—The little influence of the present nobility in France—Their circumstances—Consequences of their altered position in society—General observations respecting the higher classes.

THE remark has been so repeatedly made that all must be familiar with it, that of the three classes into which society is divided, there is least of virtue among the highest, and most among the middle classes. Perhaps in no country in the world has the profligacy of the upper classes of society been so great as it was among the *noblesse* of France, prior to the Revolution of

1792. Into the details of their profligacy it is not necessary I should enter, as they are written in imperishable characters in the page of history. Their dissolute and criminal conduct, brought about that frightful revolution which scattered over Europe those of them that escaped the scaffold. From the effects of the blow then given to the French aristocracy, it is impossible they can ever recover. Never was proof before or since given, on so extensive a scale, of the truth of the current adage, that crime always brings with it its own punishment. Since the Revolution of 1792, France cannot be said to have had an aristocracy at all. It is true that the descendants of the *noblesse* that were then guillotined, and such of their number as escaped into other lands, and were still alive,—returned to France on the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. But under what circumstances did they return? Only as the mere wreck of what they formerly were. Deprived of their estates and their personal property, and

divested of all the importance which for centuries had attached to their names, they could be said to be no better than a miserable apology for a nobility.

But what, I may be asked, is the state of the French *noblesse* now? Have they, in any measure, regained their lost importance in society? or have they in any way succeeded in bettering their fortunes? To both questions a negative answer must be returned. They still retain their titles, but titles in France, except in those few instances where distinguished personal merit is associated with them, carry no weight. It is not in France as in England. Here the man who can boast of being a Duke, Marquis, Earl, or Baron, though within a few removes of being an absolute fool, or though habitually setting all decency at defiance, as well as trampling on all the rules of moral obligation,—is looked up to with a reverence bordering on idolatry. It is not so in France. The French have learned, what it would be well for Englishmen

to learn, that he only is worthy of respect and homage, who can claim companionship with the aristocracy which merit has made. Talent, consecrated to virtuous purposes, is the only legitimate nobility. Burns was right when he said, that the King can make a Duke, but cannot make an honest man. The French reserve their regard and veneration for the nobility of nature's creation: they have none to bestow on the profligate descendants of a profligate aristocracy. I went to France fully impressed with this. And yet I had no idea that it was possible there could be so little influence, and such an utter absence of importance, where parties possessed the highest titles, as I found in several instances which came immediately under my own observation. I was speaking one day to a gentleman about the accomplishment of a particular object, and remarked that I thought it could be easily achieved through a certain noble Marquis, to one of whose most intimate friends I had a letter of

introduction. "The Marquis of————!" exclaimed the other in surprise; "the Marquis of———influence to do anything! He has not influence enough to procure, or to prevent the hanging of a dog." And yet the nobleman to whom I allude is the son of one of the most distinguished men that France has produced. In another instance I was anxious to see one of the institutions in Paris, which is only accessible through the influence of persons of standing in society. A gentleman on terms of intimacy with a French nobleman (also a Marquis), kindly undertook to procure me the use of a particular medal belonging to the Marquis. He did so,—neither he nor the Marquis conceiving, for an instant, the possibility of my being refused admission on its presentation. The result showed they were mistaken. I was told that the Marquis could not have insured me admission even had he been present, instead of sending his medal; but that I would be admitted

at once if I obtained a note from an English gentleman whose name was mentioned to me.

But why specify instances of this nature, when no one can have spent a day in Paris without being struck with the little respect that is there paid to mere titles. I had occasion, in a former chapter, to mention that nothing is more common than to see counts and shopkeepers living in the same house,—the count, most probably, paying a cheaper rent, and occupying worse apartments than the tradesman. I may add, that dukes and marquises (the descendants of that *noblesse* of the ancient regime, which looked on all below them as if they had been no better than the brute creation) are now obliged to associate with, and make companions of, the humblest of the middle classes. Nor must they look for any marked respect from the latter. They receive no more attention, nor are treated with any more respect, than what one Frenchman accords to another with whom he considers

himself to be on a footing of perfect social equality.

It is true that many of the *noblesse* of France cannot bring themselves to submit to this republican equality. They prefer living in a state of comparative seclusion from the world, to this freedom of intercourse with the generality of mankind. To such an extreme point, indeed, do many of them push their notions of dignity, that rather than intermingle and associate with those below them, they submit to the greatest personal privations. Hundreds of them are at this hour sunk in the depths of poverty, because their pride will not allow them to place themselves on a footing of equality with the middle classes of society. They brood over what their ancestors were, and hourly deal out their anathemas on the memory of those Revolutionists who have placed them in their present humiliating and miserable position. In many instances the sullenness of their minds is visible in their looks. Their faces form an exception

to the general cheerfulness of French physiognomy. Gloom, disappointment, and bitter mortification at the hard destiny which has overtaken them, are visibly imprinted on their countenances.

Others, however, have learned the true philosophy of adapting themselves to circumstances which it is not in their power to controul. They not only freely mingle with the middle classes, but actually lay aside their hereditary rank, and become a portion of those middle classes. They intermarry with them; and, like them, live by the labour of their hands. You are asked to the house of a grocer in one of the plainest streets in Paris: the lady-like manners and superior intelligence of his wife, though advanced in years, excite your surprise and admiration. You ask some friend who knows the parties, who or what she was before her marriage. The answer is, that her father was an illustrious Duke who was the bosom friend of the Sovereign of France, and spent the

greater portion of his time at court. The shopkeeper from whom you purchase your butter for your morning's meal, and who has only been two or three years in business, married a few weeks ago the grand-daughter of a marquis, who, a little more than half a century since, was one of the most distinguished men in France, and the friend, the favourite, and the constant associate of Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette. The first marriage of M. Guizot afforded an interesting illustration of the point to which I am referring. When he himself was a young adventurer in the literary world, equally without fortune and fame, he became accidentally acquainted with a young lady—the member of a noble family, most of whom had perished by the guillotine—who had no other means of procuring a daily meal, than by her own labour. She was a young lady of surpassing learning and talents; and these she employed in editing a small monthly periodical, by the profits of which she obtained her living. There was

something so exceedingly romantic in the circumstances under which M. Guizot's marriage with this lady took place, that I shall probably be pardoned if I bestow a few lines by way of parenthetical allusion to them. When in his twentieth year, Guizot was in the habit of sending contributions to the publication conducted by the young lady. These elicited expressions of warm admiration from the pen of the fair editress, and were read with gratification by the public. Still no one had the slightest idea from what quarter they proceeded. It so happened that, about this time, the lady was taken seriously ill; and, of course, obliged to suspend for a time all literary labour. Guizot having accidentally become aware of the circumstance, conveyed an anonymous intimation to her, that he (the correspondent whose writings she had so often praised) would furnish all the requisite matter for the publication, until she had sufficiently recovered to be able to resume her editorial duties. And most ably and faithfully

did he fulfil his promise. The lady felt, on her restoration to health, that her noble-minded and unknown friend had been the salvation of her work, and, in some measure, of her fortunes. Soon afterwards they chanced to meet in the house of a mutual friend; but without the lady having the slightest idea that the correspondent to whom she felt so deeply indebted was present. In the fulness of her heart she then and there, as she was in the habit of doing in every company in which she chanced to be, gave utterance to her gratitude, accompanying it with expressions of the deepest regret that she had not the happiness of knowing the generous individual to whom she was laid under such infinite obligations. The reader is left to imagine what must have been Guizot's feelings while all this was passing in his presence. The lapse of time, so far from deadening the lady's sense of gratitude to the friend who had so gallantly rushed to her aid in the hour of need, only served to deepen the feeling, and to impart an

additional intensity to her desire to have an opportunity of thanking him in person. With this view she inserted a paragraph in her publication, imploring her benefactor—for such, as well as friend, she considered him to be—to communicate his address to her. The notice appeared at certain intervals, without eliciting the desired information. At length, however, seeing she persisted in repeating it, as if resolved not to be defeated in an object so dear to her heart, Guizot forwarded his address to the office of the lady's publication. A personal interview was the result. The formation of a mutual friendship followed; that friendship soon ripened into reciprocal love; and that love, after the lapse of a limited period, was consecrated at the hymeneal altar.

To return to the French nobility. There are many of them who still cling to the hope, in spite of all the indications to the contrary, that there will be a third restoration; and that Henry the Fifth is destined to occupy the

throne of France. In that case they expect, as a matter of course, that they will be reinstated in that position in the State from which they have been driven by the fury of the revolutionary tempests which have swept over France. It is curious how men will sometimes persist in cherishing delusions, notwithstanding the stern realities by which they are surrounded, and all the lessons which a protracted and painful experience must have taught them. Whatever political changes are reserved for France, will be onward changes in the direction of Republicanism,—not changes in the retrogade direction of Legitimacy. These visionary notions, it is right to remark, are not universal among the existing *noblesse* of France; in many cases they have wholly disappeared, and every succeeding day helps to dissipate the delusion where it does exist. Hope deferred is making their hearts sick. Many of the sons of the nobility are quietly stepping into the army, and others are entering the Church; though, in the latter

case, the annual income cannot be expected, for years to come, to exceed £100,—very possibly may never exceed £250, even where, instead of remaining, as many of them must do, mere assistants or curates for life, they may be so fortunate as to get a living or church to themselves.

In the peculiar state of society in France, the phrase "higher classes," is not limited, as with us, to persons of family or title. The expression includes, in France, all who make a good appearance,—nearly all, indeed, whose means of living are independent of trade, who keep their box at the Opera, and drive about the fashionable places in Paris, in their coaches or cabriolets. The family that can afford to live at the rate of £1000 a year, has an undoubted right to be classed in the category of fashionable people, in the French capital. Not a few, indeed, have long flitted and figured in the saloons of that city, with incomes of less than £700 a year. Wealthy families, in the sense in which we un-

derstand the term, are almost unknown in France. It may be doubted whether there be two hundred families in all France, that have an income of £5000 per annum, derivable from land, or houses, or other property which they hold in perpetuity. It is questionable whether there be five hundred families whose income, derivable from equally secure investments, reaches £2500 a year. It is not a matter of opinion, but a well-ascertained fact, that there are not 1500 families in all France, who derive an income of £1500 per annum from houses or lands, and not 2000 who can boast of a yearly income of £1200, from either of these sources. There is, therefore, no such thing as wealth, according to our ideas of it, among the higher classes in France. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that in every instance they live up to their means, though not beyond them. Such a thing as a family moving in the higher spheres of Parisian society, saving money, is unknown. It is not, indeed, considered within the compass of

practicability, and consequently is never thought of.

The fashionable season,—or, as it is simply called, *the* season,—in Paris, commences in November, and may be said virtually, though not formally, to close in April,—the period at which our Almacks' opens.

The better orders of society in Paris are not regulated by the same notions, in going into the country and returning to town, as those which prevail among the higher classes in London. In France, they do not leave town until the end of August or beginning of September; and then only, in most cases, for a period of eight or ten weeks. And even then, it depends entirely on the state of the weather, whether or not they will stay out their intended time. Two consecutive days of cold or cheerless weather, suffice to drive them in flocks back to Paris. The idea of living out of Paris at any time is dreadful; and is only submitted to, because a season of repose, and the refreshing breezes of the

country, are necessary to the preservation of health, or to its restoration, when it has suffered injury from a long period of fashionable dissipation; but to live anywhere but in Paris in dull and dreary weather,—why, the thing is wholly out of the question. Even the very thought is enough to render one absolutely wretched. How different in England. Here the higher classes leave for the country in August, and never dream of returning till immediately before, or, very possibly, not until after Christmas. Nor is it in the power of the weather to make them alter their arrangements. It may rain without intermission one week, snow perpetually the next, blow in hurricanes the third, and freeze, until the Thames is covered over with ice, the fourth; yet all will be ineffectual in causing them to alter their purpose. They still remain in their country quarters: they will not leave them a single day before the appointed time.

In all civilized countries, those who move in

the fashionable spheres of society spend their time in frivolous amusements and occupations. The remark applies with peculiar force to the higher classes in France. Their life is one continued round of dissipation from the beginning to the end of the year, except during the short period they spend in the country. The object of their constant study seems to be, how they can best kill time,—an expression which is synonymous with that of driving away *ennui*. *Soirees*, balls, theatres, the Opera,—these are, in the estimation of the fashionables of Paris, the four great sources of earthly bliss. The evening of almost every day is dedicated to one of these modes of "enjoying life." Theirs is emphatically a life of frivolity. Few and far between are the instances in which the higher classes in the French capital engage in any enterprise, having for its object the amelioration of the condition of suffering humanity. We complain of the want of philanthropy among our own aristocracy: we blame them for the little

sympathy they show, when cases of suffering humanity are brought before them. And yet, as compared with the higher classes in France, they are the impersonations of benevolence. The thoughts of the latter are so much occupied with themselves, that they have none to bestow on others. I do not charge them with positive cruelty: I do not believe they are, in the usual meaning of the word, hard-hearted. The great moral defect in their character is, that they are so absorbed with themselves,—so resolutely and unceasingly engaged in the pursuit of objects which will minister to their own pleasures, that they cannot be brought to give a moment's attention to the circumstances or condition of others.

Dinner parties are comparatively rare among the aristocracy of France. When they invite their friends to their houses, it is generally to a *soiree*. The usual hours for meeting are half-past seven or eight. The time at which the company breaks up depends a good deal on

what are understood to be the wishes of the parties giving the entertainment. In all cases, however, parties break up earlier than among the aristocracy of England. Perhaps the most common hour for the guests leaving the house in which they have been entertained, is from eleven to twelve o'clock. French *soirees* are, for the most part, much more numerously attended than the "At Homes," in England. Although the party giving the entertainment has, in many instances, only one set of apartments, consisting, according to circumstances, of three, four, or five rooms; and though there may be half-a-dozen other families living in the same house, it is no uncommon thing to see from 150 to 200 persons at a Parisian *soiree*. There is nothing that so much gratifies the vanity of a French lady, as seeing her house crowded, at frequent intervals, with her "friends." The refreshments usually consist of tea and coffee, with a little wine and cake. As wine is so much cheaper in France than in

this country, the entertainment does not come to much more than half the expense that it would do in England.

In fashionable society in Paris, the practice of receiving calls is very different from that which prevails in this country. There, instead of receiving calls every day, a particular day is set apart once a week for the purpose. The friends of the lady knowing the day on which she is willing to receive them, never think of calling on any other day. And when strangers call, the servants at once inform them that the lady of the house is not "visible," but will be on a particular day. The arrangement is doubtless a much better one for those who have no relish for mere formal, frivolous "calls," than that which obtains in this country. To those who can appreciate the value of time, it must be a very great object to find, that they are entire mistresses of their own time for six days of the week, out of the seven, without the risk of offending any of their friends, by not seeing them

during that period. On the day, however, which is set apart for the reception of friends, the Parisian ladies make a point of being accessible. It is with them, what in military phraseology is called, "an affair of honour." Nothing, indeed, short of physical necessity, ever induces them to deny themselves to their acquaintances on that day. A lady will actually rise from a bed of sickness, contrary to the earnest entreaties of her physician, to receive visitors, even should she thereby peril her life; and instances are known in which Parisian ladies have fallen victims to their excessive anxiety to meet their friends on their weekly "audience day."

CHAPTER III.

THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

Their circumstances—Their alleged want of hospitality—Their anxiety to retire from business—Their influence in the State.

THE Middle Classes in France are very different from the middle classes in England. Here there are myriads belonging to the middle ranks in life, who are the possessors of large fortunes, and live in a style of comfort, if not of splendour, with which even the aristocracy of France could never dream of competing. They have their handsome carriages, their studs of first-rate

horses, their spacious and splendid residences; their ten or twelve servants, and all the other adjuncts with which we associate the idea of making an appearance. In France, you see nothing of this among the middle classes, and exceedingly little of it even among the nobility. The middle classes in Paris consist of the more respectable shopkeepers, and of persons engaged in professional pursuits. Their incomes average from £250 to £400 a year. On either sum, it is unnecessary to say, it would be impossible to live in what is called style. Among the middle classes of Paris there is exceedingly little hospitality. This remark has been made by all who have visited the French capital; but I have never seen any writer attempt to account for it. I do not think it can arise from any want of a disposition to be hospitable: for it is impossible that so kindly a people as the French could lack that disposition. I ascribe it wholly to the fact that their circumstances will not admit of practising the rites of hospitality, according

to the import which we attach to the term. It will easily be believed, that a family having to make a respectable appearance on £250 to £400 a year, can have no spare money to bestow on those expensive dinners and suppers with which we always associate the idea of hospitality. It is unreasonable on the part of Englishmen to expect that they should be frequently asked to dinner in the houses of Parisians to whom they have had letters of introduction, or with whom they may chance to form an intimacy,—when they cannot fail to have observed before they have been a fortnight in Paris, that the husband himself dines comparatively seldom at home. At the dinner hour you more frequently see him in the public dining rooms, than in his own house. It ought, too, to be remembered that even when the circumstances of a person in business in Paris, are sufficiently flourishing to justify his giving dinners, the very fact of his being in business is a sufficient reason for his not doing so; for in almost every instance the shopkeeper's wife

is employed in the shop from morning till night; and, consequently, so far from having the requisite leisure to provide a dinner for others, she often has not time to provide one for herself. Sometimes, indeed, even after it is has been provided, she has hardly time to take it. It is right that these things should be understood, because when they are so, they exonerate the middle classes in Paris from the imputation of a want of hospitality, which so many English writers have sought to fasten on them.

I have spoken of all, or nearly all, the middle classes as being in business. I should observe, that remarkably few of them ever make even a moderate fortune. Of merchants, in the proper acceptation of the term, there can hardly be said to be any in France. I doubt exceedingly if there be half a dozen instances on record, in which persons in Paris, in any business or profession, have died "worth a plum,"—namely, in the possession of £100,000. With us this is a matter of such frequent occurrence as to excite no in-

terest or surprise when it does occur. In fact, neither the Parisian shopkeepers, nor any of those engaged in professional pursuits ever dream of amassing large fortunes. They, it is true, all aim at, and labour hard to achieve, an independency, so that they may retire from business in comparatively early life; but their desires are exceedingly moderate. Their notions of independency are moderation itself compared with ours. Even in their fondest dreams and most ambitious aspirations, they look for nothing greater than from £250 to £350. The moment a Parisian shopkeeper finds matters to be in a sufficiently flourishing condition to enable him to retire with from £250 to £350 per annum, he resolves on immediately disposing of his business, and of assuming the character of an independent man. Very often it is sold to some near relative on very reasonable terms; for the Parisians always prefer their relatives when they have anything advantageous to dispose of. Paris is full of persons who are living on the small

independencies which they have acquired in business. There is a general impression among those who have been a short time in Paris, but who have not inquired into the matter with the requisite care,—that when a shopkeeper has saved as much of his gains as will, with the amount he may receive for his business, enable him to live at the rate of £250 or £300 per annum,—he starts, the moment he has retired from business, for his native place, in whatever part of France it may chance to be. I have seen this statement made in several English works. It is altogether erroneous. It is quite true that many Parisian shopkeepers retire from business before they have passed the meridian of life, but they very rarely, indeed, carry their notions of retirement so far as to consider it necessary they should retire from the capital of their country. If their repairing to the provinces were a necessary condition of their retirement from business, they would not retire at all,—but would stick to their business till

the last. The Parisians cannot be said to know what retirement from Paris means. They never entertain the idea. They are rivetted to their capital. Its very streets, the stones and the mortar, are dear to them. None but themselves can know how deeply they are attached to Paris.

In all countries, especially in all intelligent countries, the middle classes exercise a much greater influence on public opinion, than either the class above or below them. This is particularly true in the case of the middle classes in France. They possess, and always have possessed since 1792, a powerful influence in that country. No man knew this better than Napoleon; and no one ever studied, with better effect, how to humour their prejudices, or to minister to their partialities. Next to Napoleon, in the art of humouring the middle classes of Paris, is their present Sovereign, Louis Philippe. He anxiously watches every variation in the barometer of opinion among the shopkeepers of Paris, and

adapts his measures and his policy accordingly. To them the public journals almost exclusively address themselves. Out of the many newspapers which are published in Paris, I know but one which can be said to be an aristocratic journal, in the same sense as "The Morning Post" is in England. And there are only a very few that appeal to the lower classes for support, by pandering to their prejudices. In London, there are at least a dozen such journals; and many of them, as is well known, enjoying a very large circulation. In fine, the middle classes may be said to be everything in France, and the higher and lower orders of society comparatively nothing.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LOWER CLASSES.

Their condition as compared with that of the lower classes of England—Their meals—Their cheerfulness—Their physical strength—Average rate of wages—Habits of saving—Paupers.

If the higher classes in France be, if I may use the expression, in a much lower condition than the higher classes in this country, the lower classes in France are in a much higher condition, as regards mere physical comfort, than the lower classes in England. It is impossible for any Englishman to pass along the streets of Paris, without being struck with the aspect of

superior comfort which he sees in the lower classes. His eye is seldom offended by the ragged and dirty clothes which meet the vision in the streets of London; nor are his feelings often wounded by the sight of those squalid-looking creatures in human form, that are constantly to be seen in the highways and bye-ways of this metropolis. The humblest persons in Paris are, with very few exceptions, decently clothed. And there is something in their appearance which indicates a degree of contentment and comfort, which is not visible among the lower classes of this country. You see no traces of care or anxiety in their countenances. And not only do they seem, but they actually are, healthy and happy. For much of their contentment and happiness, however, they are more indebted to a peculiar constitutional temperament, than to anything in their actual circumstances. It is an essential ingredient in a Frenchman's composition—and most of all in the composition of one of the humbler classes—

to contemplate at all times the sunny side of the picture. Hence they submit to privations with a degree of cheerfulness, and a measure of fortitude, not often exhibited by the operatives of England. They can live on a modicum of food which the English labourer would consider starvation allowance. Breakfast and dinner are the only meals of which many of them partake. Their breakfasts usually consist of a kind of vegetable soup and bread, varying in price, according to the quantity and other circumstances, from six to nine sous. The latter price, which is equal to fourpence halfpenny of our copper currency, is considered an extravagant price for breakfast, and but comparatively few of the lower classes pay so much for their morning meals. Their dinners vary according to the different tastes of the different parties. The French, as a nation, are exceedingly partial to soups of all kinds; many, therefore, of the humbler classes, have soup for dinner—or, at least, as an essential part of their dinner—as

well as for breakfast. In some instances the soup is made from animal food; in others it is made from vegetables only; and in some instances both animal food and vegetables are used in its preparation. A large proportion, however, of the working classes, especially in the summer season, have no hot dinner of any kind. They dine, with great seeming satisfaction, on a piece of bread and two or three apples or pears, or other fruit,—"winding up," as the phrase is, with a pennyworth of brandy. As a proof how happy and contented the lower classes in Paris are on their simple and scanty meals, I may mention, that the moment those of them who have laborious work to perform have snatched up their dinners, they lay themselves down on the pavement in the streets, or in the places where they may be employed within doors, and instantly fall asleep. And soundly and sweetly do they repose, until the hour at which they have to resume their labour strikes. They then rise up and re-commence

their work with a cheerfulness and good humour which are not often to be witnessed among the working classes of this country.

But though the mechanics and labourers of France seem as healthy and vigorous as those in England, notwithstanding their exceedingly scanty supply of food, and the entire absence of anything which could be called substantial food, they are not nearly so strong as the working men of England. They are only fit for the lighter sort of labour,—not, at least, for employment which requires the constant exercise of physical strength. They are soon exhausted if the work be hard. An Englishman will go through three or four times the amount of heavy work which a French labourer can accomplish. This is no random statement. The matter was put to the test, two or three years ago, at several public works, where a great number of labouring men of both countries were employed. It was then proved, and the fact has been publicly stated by the contractors of the French railways, that in

many instances the English labourer could do three times, and in some instances four times, the work of the French labourer.

But this, difficult though it may seem of belief to those who have not seen much of the working men of France, will be readily credited by those who have visited that country. You see in the working classes there the cheerfulness of countenance, and the liveliness of manner, which characterise the French as a people; but you cannot, at the same time, fail to observe indications of physical feebleness about them. They have none of the firmness of step, of the muscular energy, or of the general hardiness of appearance, which are the usual characteristics of English labourers. They want even the manliness of aspect which is so strongly exhibited by the working men in this country. Constitutionally the French people are inferior to Englishmen in physical energy; but I am satisfied that to the marked difference there is in the food of Englishmen and Frenchmen, is chiefly to

be ascribed this decided inferiority of the hard-working men in France, to the laborious-working men in England. It could not, indeed, be otherwise. It is impossible that persons living on the poorest possible soup, without scarcely any animal food, or substantial meals of any kind, could possess the same bodily vigour as those who always have solid meals, however homely they may sometimes be.

It will not surprise the reader to be told, that as the French labourer cannot endure a third part of the fatigue which an English workman can undergo, so the Frenchman is much sooner laid aside from working altogether, than the hard-working man in this country. Generally speaking, French labourers become useless, and are obliged to give up hard work, by the time they reach their forty-fifth year. An English labourer is then considered to be just in his prime. A French labourer has usually all the appearances of an old man,—the shrivelled face, the feeble step, the stooping

posture, which are the general accompaniments of advanced life—by the time he reaches his fiftieth year. An English working man, on the contrary, looks as well as he ever did at that period of his life.

The wages of workmen in Paris are much lower than in London. The class of labourers to whom my observations hitherto have chiefly referred,—namely, stonemasons, paviours, hodmen, &c., do not earn, even in the finest weather and longest days, more than from two francs and a half to three francs and a half; or from two shillings and a penny to two shillings and elevenpence per day. The wages of mechanics and artizans are a little better; though in different trades the amount of earnings varies considerably. Carpenters average four francs a day; upholsterers, from three to four francs; hatters, from four to five francs; tailors, from three to five francs, according to the nature of the work and the abilities of the workmen; watchmakers earn from three to five francs, or

from half-a-crown to four and twopence; and jewellers do the same. Those workmen who receive the best wages, are marble cutters and stone cutters; their daily earnings averaging from five to six francs, or from four and twopence to five shillings. Next to them are the printers, whose wages average from four to five francs. The worst paid workmen in Paris are the shoemakers. Their wages vary from two francs to two and a half francs per day, or from ten shillings to twelve and sixpence per week. They are, in fact, no better paid for their labour, than the hodmen who work at new buildings, or the paviours who toil in the streets. The exceeding lowness of the wages which the shoemakers receive in Paris, and, indeed, in all parts of France, accounts for the very great cheapness of French boots and shoes, as compared with those which are made in England. Boots as good as those which cost twenty-eight or thirty shillings here, can be procured in Paris for fourteen or fifteen shillings.

And yet, low as is the rate of wages in Paris compared with what our operatives receive in London, the working classes in that city may live more comfortably on their earnings, provided they are economical, than the same classes can on their wages in London.

The meals of the Paris workmen do not cost half the price which our workmen pay for their food. The stonemasons, paviours, hodmen, and others, rarely give more than ninepence or tenpence for their day's provisions: nor do the mechanics, on an average, expend more than a franc and a half, or a shilling and a halfpenny of our money, on their daily food. The French workmen rarely spend their earnings on what, in vulgar phraseology, is called the belly. The most costly item in the expenditure of those who live up to their earnings, is theatres and other amusements. I have spoken, in a previous chapter, of persons among the middle classes setting apart about a twelfth of their income for their expenditure on theatres. The

proportion is still greater among the working classes. If we include what is spent in dances on summer evenings beyond the barriers, I am convinced I am not in error when I say, that fully a sixth part of the earnings of many mechanics is expended in this foolish way. A love of theatres, and of amusements of all kinds, is the besetting sin of the working classes in Paris. Sunday always, and portions of Monand Tuesday very often, are devoted to the indulgence of their passion for amusements.

Prudent habits, however, I am glad to say, are beginning to be acquired by many of their number. The number who belong to benefit societies is yearly increasing; and the deposits made by them in the savings banks have, within the last few years, been steadily and considerably augmenting.

The number of hours per day which the Paris operatives work, is much the same as in this country. It is in no instance less than ten, and in only one or two instances more than twelve.

The usual number is eleven,—beginning at six in the morning and ending at seven in the evening. An hour is allowed for breakfast, and another for dinner.

Of the very lowest of the "lower classes,"—I mean paupers,—I have as yet said nothing. It is difficult to ascertain their number with precision, because so many of them are inmates of hospitals, and of establishments for their reception, in the suburbs of Paris. Possibly we would not be far from the truth, were we to estimate their entire number at 85,000, or about one in twelve of the entire population. The number relieved at their own houses varies from 65,000 to 70,000. The mode in which relief is administered is chiefly by allowances of bread and butchers' meat. Whatever money is given, is confined to the aged and infirm. The sum yearly brought forward in the budget for the relief of the poor in Paris, is upwards of 10,000,000 francs, or £400,000.

It is needless to remark, after these statements

have been made, that neither in Paris nor any other part of France, are there any workhouses. The French have no idea what a workhouse is. Neither are they accustomed to witness any of those scenes of deplorable distress which are so often seen in the more wretched localities in our metropolis. Cases of persons dying from starvation, or of whole families being for days without food, or fire, or clothing wherewith to cover their nakedness, are hardly ever known in France, though so common in this country that they scarce excite our surprise when we read their painful details in the columns of the public journals. In all that appertains to provision for the poor, France is far before this country. Nor do the people sensibly feel the burden of having to support their poor. There are no poor-rates in France, as with us. The grant of money made by Government for supplying the wants of the poor, is made up from a variety of sources, but all of them indirect sources. Beggars are rarely seen in Paris. There is a

law, indeed, against public mendicancy, but the number of street beggars is so small, and the annoyance to the public from their importunities so little, that the law is rarely enforced.

CHAPTER V.

CUSTOMS—HABITS—MANNERS.

Dissimilarity in the customs, habits, and manners of the French and English—Parisian customs, habits and manners described—General observations.

An account of the customs, habits, and manners of the people is usually, if accurately and graphically given, the most interesting part of a book on a foreign country. Though Paris be scarcely three hundred miles from London, the customs, habits, and manners of its inhabitants are as different from those which prevail in this country, as if France were situated in another

planet. It is very curious that notwithstanding the contiguity of Paris to London, and the extensive and uninterrupted intercourse which is carried on between the two countries, there should be this very marked dissimilarity. I commend the matter to the philosophic inquirer: it is one which is well worthy of his attention.

The French mode of salutation is different from ours. I mentioned in my "general remarks on the people" of Paris, that when a Frenchman shakes you by the hand, he usually does so with both hands, and with a cordiality which is not often to be witnessed in this country. I should, however, have added, that the French only shake hands with particular friends. Formerly the mode of salutation, among the men as well as the women, was to kiss each other on both cheeks. This practice has, however, fallen into almost universal desuetude among the men, though it everywhere prevails among the women. When two gentlemen meet, the practice now is to content themselves with

raising their hats to each other, and making a low bow. The same mode of salutation takes place when they are about to part. It is well that an Englishman who may have occasion to visit France, should remember this; for he is sure to feel very awkward and embarrassed when he thrusts out his hand to a gentleman or lady, and finds there is no response. I knew an Englishman who, unacquainted with the customs of France, was in the habit of thrusting his fist into every one's hand, whom he chanced to meet with; and the result was, that he had the shaking part of the business as much to himself, as if he had been dealing with the handle of Aldgate pump.

Formal introductions, when you are invited to a party, are almost unknown in Paris. You step into the room, advance to the lady of the house to pay your respects to her, and then you sit down, where you please, and enter into conversation with whom you please. At all the *soirées* of the better classes of Parisian society, you feel yourself as much at ease as if you were

in the public room of an hotel, or in your own house. The perfect absence of all restraint, except, of course, what good-breeding imposes, is one of the greatest charms of Parisian society, whether the company be great or small. In the ball-room, the same freedom prevails. If you wish to dance with some particular lady whom you see, you have only to advance towards her, and, making a bow, ask her whether you may have the honour of her partnership in the next waltz or quadrille. It matters not though you may have never seen her before, nor though you may be ignorant even of her name, or whether she be single or married. If she has not been previously engaged, she will agree at once. You then take hold of her hand, and conduct her to the proper place. When the dance is over, you again take her by the hand, and lead her back to her seat. No Frenchman ever offers a lady his arm in the ball-room; nor will she accept that of an Englishman, when

he, ignorant of the customs of the country, offers it to her.

It is the same if you have occasion to walk with a lady in the streets. You never offer your arm to her, however intimate you and she may be, unless she be a near relative. Englishmen are much surprised when they see an elegantly-dressed lady walking side by side with a gentleman, without having a hold of his arm. What I have stated explains the reason. Englishmen are often also surprised when they see a French gentleman, whom they may have seen on the previous evening paying the most marked attentions to a particular lady, at a party, passing that lady in the street, without opening his mouth to her, or taking any other notice of her than simply taking off his hat and making a bow. The explanation of the circumstance is to be found in the fact, that it is contrary to French notions of manners, for a lady and gentleman to be seen talking to each other in the streets, or in any public place.

The views of the French, indeed, in everything appertaining to the demeanour of the sexes towards each other, are as different from those which obtain in this country, as it were possible to imagine. In this respect, they afford a striking exception to their general easiness and freedom of manner. Nothing could be more stiff or unnatural than the rules by which they regulate their conduct, wherever the other sex are concerned. All the attentions which our sex pays to the other, are paid to the married portion of it. Married women are everything in France,—the unmarried, nothing. Wherever you see a gentleman and lady engaged in conversation together, you may conclude, with unerring certainty, that the lady is married. However many handsome unmarried ladies may be present in a company, no one pays any attention to them. They are left to waste their sweetness beside their mammas or aunts. Or, if a gentleman happens to speak at all, to any of them, it is in the coldest and most

measured imaginable terms. Every word must be as fit for the ear of the mother, or the matron who has charge of a young lady, as for that of the young lady herself. An unmarried lady is never allowed, under any possible circumstances, to be a single moment in the company of a gentleman, except in the presence of her mamma, or some other matronly relative. She is never suffered to cross, alone, the threshold of her father's house, or the boarding-school of which she is an inmate. She is, in effect, as much a prisoner as if she were formally under the charge of a keeper. Even in the presence of her mamma, or the near relative who may be her guardian, she is expected to be exceedingly distant and reserved when in the society of our sex.

The French are represented as exceedingly loose in their morals, in reference to the intercourse which takes place between the sexes. My opinion as to how far the charge is just, will appear in a subsequent chapter. But this

I may, in the meantime say, that those intrigues, elopements, and seductions, which are of such frequent occurrence in this country, are wholly unknown among the better classes of society in France. With the close and continued surveillance which is kept up in the case of unmarried ladies, it is all but absolutely impossible that any of their number can deviate, even had they no restraining principle, from the paths of virtue. Hence you may read the French journals from one year's end to another, without ever alighting on a paragraph intimating that a young lady, the daughter of parents moving in a respectable sphere of society, had been seduced. The man who marries a lady out of a respectable family, marries her with the moral certainty that she is a virtuous woman.

It can hardly be necessary, after what I have mentioned, to add, that no tender correspondence ever takes place between young gentlemen and ladies in France. Indeed, love letters, except among the working classes, may be said

to be unknown in that country. The same may be said of love itself. It is a passion to which the hearts of young persons of either sex are entire strangers. A young lady sees a young gentleman at a party, and, if a handsome or accomplished person, she may admire him; but she feels that she has no right ever again to think of him. It is the same on his part. He may see a pretty girl, and be struck with her personal charms; but so closely is she watched by her mother, or by some matronly relative, that a private interview with her is impossible. But even could it be obtained, it would be so contrary to the usages of society, as, if discovered, to lower both very much in the estimation of their friends. Such a thing, therefore, never for a moment enters into the thoughts of young people in France: nor does the idea ever occur to them of carrying on a clandestine correspondence together through the medium of servants bribed for the purpose. In a word, love between the sexes, while unmarried, is wholly

unknown, in respectable society, among our neighbours. It will not, therefore, surprise the English reader to be informed, that French young ladies look upon the circumstance of an English unmarried lady talking freely, or walking on the public promenades with a gentleman, as something exceedingly improper. And if you tell them that lovers carry on a tender correspondence for months, and sometimes years, together, without any third party being cognizant of the contents of the letters that pass between them,—they hold up their hands in perfect horror at what they call the shocking unseemliness of the thing. Hence the circumstance of so few of the French works of fiction being devoted to those love scenes and incidents which form the staple of our English novels. The fashionable novels of this country would, indeed, be wholly unintelligible to the French people,—the conventionalisms of society generally, as well as our notions of the demeanour which the sexes, when unmarried, ought to ob-

serve towards each other, being entirely different in England from what they are in France. An English courtship, from first to last, appears a piece of pure fiction to the French young lady, the first time she is made acquainted with it. You cannot get her to believe that such things ever actually take place. Two young persons falling in love, and entering into a correspondence with each other; the young gentleman paying repeated visits to the young lady without the presence of a third party; the two walking arm-in-arm in the garden, or the fields, or in a place of public resort without any eye being on them, or any one even thinking of them; and the whole ending by mutual promises of marriage and pledges of undying fidelity,—all this seems so passing strange to a French young lady, before she has made herself acquainted with the customs of this country, that she has the greatest difficulty in bringing herself to believe that such things can be.

The period of courtship has been described

by poets and novelists as the happiest period of human existence. So, undoubtedly it is, when the love is ardent and sincere on both sides, and neither relatives nor circumstances interfere to prevent its course from running smooth. This is a pleasure, however, which is unknown in France. It is known only by report in that country; and never having been enjoyed, cannot be adequately imagined.

It will be asked, in what way, then, are matrimonial matches made in France? The process may be very briefly described. A husband and wife have a son one-and-twenty or two-and-twenty years of age, whom they wish to see suitably married. Another husband and wife have a daughter somewhat younger, whom they also wish to see "settled in life." The former mention to some friend that they wish to see their son married, naming the sum they mean to give him as his portion, and intimating that they will be happy if their friend should be

able, in a few weeks, to tell them of any friend of his who has a daughter whom he wishes to see married, and who can give the same sum with her. The parents of the young lady make the same communication to some friend in reference to her. The friend of the family, in either case, then runs over in his own mind the names of all the families, in the same station of life, with whom he is intimate. Eventually the former meets with some father who is willing to give his daughter the same amount as his friends are willing to give with their son. He commences the negotiation by remarking—"I have a friend who has a son, aged so-and-so, who wishes to see him married, and is willing to give him a certain sum as his portion. You have a daughter, a few years younger (or of the same age, as the case may be): I think, if you are disposed to give a similar fortune with your daughter, that a very suitable and mutually advantageous match might be made between the

parties." If the other agrees, which is almost invariably the case, it is immediately arranged that the parents of the two young persons, and the young persons themselves, shall meet some early evening at the house of some friend, in order that the young gentleman and lady may see how they like each other, before any farther steps are taken in the matter. They are both informed of the object for which they are to meet, and are asked to endeavour to make themselves as agreeable as possible. They accordingly meet, and are introduced to each other as persons whom their parents are desirous, if agreeable to themselves, of seeing united, because they conceive that the match would prove conducive to their mutual happiness. A few words pass between them, of a very vague and general character, and not having the slightest reference to the circumstances in reference to which they have been brought together. The company breaks up, and the young persons, on their return home, are respectively asked by

their parents how they like the proposed "parti?" An answer, intimating their willingness to enter into the matrimonial state, is usually returned by each. The answer of the one is communicated to the other. The young gentleman then visits the young lady at her parents' house two or three times, but always in the presence of her mother, or some elderly female relation. A day is appointed for the marriage, which usually takes place in a few weeks. The bridegroom—for such he may now virtually be considered—must still observe the greatest formality towards his intended wife, not even taking the liberty of giving her a kiss as they part, unless he has previously obtained the consent of her mamma, or the matronly relative who has the care of her.

A French marriage, it will be thus seen, is from first to last a pure matter of business. The shopkeeper taking the preliminary steps towards matrimony, proceeds in exactly the same way as if he were in the market for the pur-

chase of goods. The first question is, what is the lady worth, whom some one suggests to him as eligible for a match. What fortune, in other words, has she got? If she possess the requisite money, there is little danger, unless she be absolutely hideous, that, so far as he is concerned, the bargain will be struck. He goes through the form of "seeing" her, as it is called, at some friend's house, before he gives an unqualified intimation that he means to make her his wife; but so rarely do instances occur of refusing to enter into matrimonial contracts, after matters have proceeded so far as a "meeting" of the two, that the friends on either side invariably consider the matter settled when the appointment is made. It is the same with the lady. She has only nominally, not really, the right of putting a veto on the wishes and proposals of her friends. She might, if she chose, say she did not like the man, just as she would tell her draper that she did not like the pattern of some new dress he submits for her approval; but she

scarcely ever rejects the person whom her friends have proposed for her husband. If she were to do so, she knows she would commit an unpardonable sin in the eyes of her parents, and render herself miserable ever afterwards. Instances, it is true, do occur in which the lady, as well as the gentleman, rejects the "parti" whom the friends have provided, because she sees, or fancies she sees in him, or he in her, something absolutely and inherently odious; but, as already remarked, such cases occur so exceedingly seldom as not to justify any notice of the exceptions to the rule. The affair is, I repeat, a mere mercantile transaction between the friends of the gentleman and the lady. The affections, on either side, are not suffered to have the least play. The heart has nothing to do with the matter: both parties are assumed to have no heart. The transaction altogether, in reference to the terms and conditions of the contract bears as close a resemblance as may be to

that of a mercantile partnership entered into by two individuals in trade.

It ought to be remarked, that in arranging the conditions of a French matrimonial contract, it is not always insisted on by the friends of the lady, that her intended husband should be able to lay down the same amount in hard cash, as herself. Mere money is dispensed with, if money's worth be forthcoming. A young man for example, who is in a good way of business, but may not have a farthing of available money, can always successfully stipulate for a sum of money with his wife, equal to what his business would bring were he to dispose of it. And instances are by no means of unfrequent occurrence of young men recently established in a profitable business, getting wives with a considerable fortune, though the price at which they purchased the business has not been all paid. The very moment the marriage is over, and the wife's fortune has been placed at the disposal of the

husband, he invariably, in such cases, pays off whatever incumbrance there may remain on his business. Some cases of this kind were brought under my notice when in Paris. It is too late, after the money has been put down, for the bride or the parents to find fault. If the latter grumble at all, they feel it ought not to be with their son-in-law, but with themselves for not having made the necessary inquiries before matters had proceeded so far.

It will be inferred from the above observations and statements, that no young woman possessing a little money need long remain in a single state in Paris, if she feel inclined, as most ladies, in all countries, do, to enter the world of wedlock. Every young woman, not, as before remarked, absolutely hideous, who can boast of a little money, may consider herself a saleable commodity. She need be haunted by no fears of the garret; visions of oldmaidship need never disturb her night's repose. All that has to be done in the way of preliminary proceeding, is to

discover some "Monsieur" who is the proprietor of a similar sum, and means to enter the connubial state. In him she is sure of finding a purchaser. He will take her at once out of the matrimonial market. Those, however, who have not money, do not get husbands with the same facility as the more fortunate of the sex. Still, as Paris is pre-eminently a marrying place, they have no reason for despair. But they must not look, as our English ladies often do, and are justified in doing, for rich husbands. We call it a piece of noble disinterestedness and manly generosity for a wealthy man to marry a portionless lady: in France they would consider such a circumstance, a piece of criminal weakness. If a young woman without money gets a husband at all in Paris, he is sure to be as poor and pennyless as herself. The friends of a lady with a little money will never listen to any advances from a person who cannot produce a corresponding sum, or whose business is not as good as money. Hence, a poor

gentleman who has made up his mind to marry, is necessarily circumscribed in his choice: he must single out a wife from a circle of ladies whose misfortune it is to be in as straitened circumstances as himself.

I shall, no doubt, be asked how do marriages turn out which have been entered into in the way I have described? Can it be possible that happiness can be the result, where the parties have come together in utter ignorance of each other's views, habits, temper, disposition, and so forth? The answer must be a seemingly contradictory one. The marriages in question are happy marriages; and they are not. In some respects they are happy; in others not. There is exceedingly little of grumbling or bad feeling between husband and wife: but then there is an absence in, I fear, a majority of cases, of that strong affection which with us is the result of a sympathy of feelings, objects, and pursuits, and which is the chief source of matrimonial bliss. Or, to express my meaning in a still

clearer manner, there wants that congeniality of mind between husband and wife, which, in this country, is one of the greatest elements of wedded bliss. There is, notoriously, no pure and ardent affection between husband and wife in Paris. Of course, I am speaking only of the great body of the people: there are some exceptions. Nor do I see, that where nothing was known of each other by the parties, before their appearance at the hymeneal altar, there could be any rational ground to expect connubial felicity. There could not be more of chance, and less of reason and feeling, in the matter, were the parties chosen for each other by ballot. Considering the infinitely diversified dispositions, tempers, principles, and practices of people, it would be strange, indeed, if marriages made in this way were productive of satisfactory results. A husband's affections are comparatively seldom set on his wife. The same observation holds equally good in reference to her affections. They are monopolised by

some one else. Her husband has not even a share in them. It is the rule, not the exception, for a husband to be deeply in love with some other married lady, and his wife to be in love with some other gentleman. A lady is not, indeed, trained up in the notion, that she is to find in her husband one whom she can love. She is told—in some instances by her mother—that she will get a lover to her mind after she is married. Incredible as this may seem, I have it from a source which renders it impossible for me to doubt the fact. A young lady is asked how she likes the party proposed for her husband, after she has seen him for the first time. She replies—"Oh, he is a perfect monster! I cannot endure the very sight of him." "Never mind, dear," is the comforting remark of her mamma, or of some near matronly relative; "you can choose a lover for yourself after the marriage is over." I know the difficulty there will be in getting the English public to credit this. Nor can I wonder at their scepti-

cism; for when I first heard the statement I was equally incredulous myself as to its truth. But my incredulity was soon obliged to give way to evidence. I must, however, guard against wishing it to be supposed, that a very large proportion of mothers, or near relatives, would talk in this way to a young lady when speaking of her marriage. I only vouch for the fact of such language being employed in various instances. It must fill the minds of Englishmen with amazement and pain, to think that it should be employed at all.

The reader will no doubt ask, if intrigues are going on with others, both by the husband and wife, does not each sooner or later discover the criminal conduct of the other, and a scene of quarrelling ensue? The discovery is quite a common thing; but a quarrel seldom follows it. Not only do both exercise forbearance, because both are known to be equally guilty, but conjugal infidelity is thought exceedingly little of in Paris. Its very prevalence, in Parisian esti-

mation, lessens its criminality. Except among the very highest classes, a woman in Paris is not, as in England, excluded from society because she is publicly known to have carried on an improper intimacy with one of our sex. Nor does she herself feel, far less betray, any self-reproach on that account. She mingles in society as unblushingly as the most virtuous woman in Paris. Her husband seems to view the matter in the same light; and she extends a similar indulgence towards him in reference to his amours with the lady of his choice. There is, in other words, a conventional understanding between them, that they shall not quarrel about matters of this nature. Nothing, therefore, could be seemingly more happy than a Frenchman and his wife. They are as pleasant to each other as could be desired. To a stranger they would appear a perfect model of what husband and wife ought to be. But still there is a want. The happiness is mostly in appearance only. There is not the happiness of the

heart. And where the heart is not present, or not affected, there can be nothing worthy the name of felicity. Just only imagine what must be the feelings of the husband who has the strong reasons which are necessarily to be found in such a state of things, to doubt whether the children of which his wife is the mother, are his own offspring, or whether they may not be those of the lover with whom she carries on her intrigues. But this is a point to which I am unwilling to make any particular reference.

In France, parties generally marry young. The usual period for ladies entering the married state is from their nineteenth to their twenty-second year. A lady who has passed her twenty-fifth year, and has not got a husband, is considered an old maid. It is an ascertained fact, that among the entire population of Paris, there are not more than from 12,000 to 13,000, who are found in the unmarried state, beyond twenty-six years of age. A sort of stigma, in the estimation of many persons, attaches to

single ladies of a certain age; and therefore, though ladies in every country are naturally anxious to get married, the feeling acquires a peculiar force in France. Besides, a lady is never mistress of her own actions until she is married. She knows not what it is to be a free agent in anything. Her anxiety, therefore, to enter into the world of matrimony, is very natural and very intelligible. But, beside her own wishes, there are the desires of her parents running in the same direction. A father, indeed, would not, in many cases, die happy, were he to leave a daughter unmarried, who had attained the age of twenty-two. This accounts both for the earliness of marriages generally, and for the fact, that so very few unmarried females are to be found in France. It is by no means uncommon for parents to take their daughter from school, when in her eighteenth or nineteenth year, and conduct her to the hymeneal altar, where she is married to some one whom they, with the consent of his pa-

rents, have selected for her husband, without her having seen him more than once. There are instances in which young ladies have seen their husbands for the first time in their wedding apparel, but these are exceedingly rare.

Entering into the married state is said to be, so far especially as the lady is concerned, like entering a new world. The change which is then undergone is certainly a very great one to the females of any country; but it is peculiarly so in reference to the female who is married in France. Not only does she feel herself to have changed her condition; but her social position is wholly altered. While single, as has been before mentioned, she was never a moment alone in the company of any member of our sex. She could not cross the threshold of her parents' house except under the guardianship of her mother, her aunt, or some other lady relative or friend, older than herself. How different after the marriage ceremony has been performed! The utterance of the words which proclaim her

to be a wife, is like the proclamation of liberty to one who has been a captive all his life. That moment she is "emancipated, disenthralled,"—at liberty to go where she pleases, and, in more respects than people in this country have any idea of, to *do* as she pleases. She then becomes perfect mistress of her own actions. She is all at once transferred from a state of intolerable bondage to one of the most perfect freedom. She is now to be seen alone in the streets, and in all public places in Paris. Her appearance at the theatres, should she be inclined to go alone, will excite no remark, though married ladies seldom visit these places without being accompanied by some male or female friend. She may be seen every day in the week, and every hour in the day, with the same gentleman, or with a different gentleman every day,—and yet her conduct call forth no animadversion from her friends. The latitude of conduct allowed to French married ladies, is wholly opposed to all our English ideas of propriety.

Nor does the husband hint his disapprobation of the liberty of action which she claims for herself. On the contrary, he is pleased to see others of our sex lavishing their attentions on his wife. Attentions which if paid to an Englishman's wife, would instinctively suggest to his mind the propriety of looking out for a whip, or some other instrument adapted to inflict personal punishment, afford the greatest gratification to a Frenchman, when *his* wife is the object of them.

No one therefore will wonder at the exceeding anxiety which French young ladies feel to be led to the hymeneal altar. And this eager desire to "get off," to use the homely phraseology of this country, contributes in no small degree to reconcile them to whatever person their parents propose for their husband.

The marriage ceremony in France is very different from what it is in this country. The ecclesiastical forms are considered nothing in France,—nothing, I mean in the eye of the law.

the law takes no cognizance of them. When two persons are about to be married, they proceed to the Mayor of the arrondissement in which they reside, and he, sitting in his court, like a magistrate in this country, administers the matrimonial rite. Due care having been taken to ascertain that the parents are satisfied with the match, and that neither of the parties is already married to some one else, the Mayor asks each of them, the same as the clergyman does in England, certain questions with the view of seeing that they are entering into the contract with a full knowledge of what they are doing, and with their own consent. Suitable answers being returned, he addresses a few sentences to them relative to the obligations which the marriage contract imposes on each. Various other minor forms having been gone through, they are declared husband and wife; and on getting a certificate to that effect from the Mayor, they retire from the court.

But though nothing more be required in the

eye of the law to render the marriage valid, the parties, in almost every instance, repair, usually on the same day, to the parish church, where they are married a second time by the priest. The wife regards the second form as incomparably the more solemn and important of the two. Indeed, French women often consider the first not to be marriage at all, and in those cases—exceedingly few in number—in which accidental circumstances prevent their being married in church on the same day as they were married by the Mayor, the bride, if a woman of respectability, will not on any account, consent to the consummation of the marriage. And even were she so disposed, her female friends would not allow her. From the church the bride proceeds to the house intended for her future home, where a scene of feasting and rejoicing takes place. Marriage jaunts are very rarely thought of in France.

In connection with the subject of marriage, I must not omit an allusion to a circumstance

which all must have been struck with who have been in Paris. I allude to the circumstance of the families being, in the great majority of cases, so small. Four children are considered a large family, and five a very large one. The average number of children in Parisian families is three. It will be asked, how is this to be accounted for? It is the result of a special agreement between husband and wife, entered into immediately after their marriage. The idea of a contract of this nature being ever entered into, but especially of its being kept, will, no doubt, elicit a smile from Englishmen. The fact is so, however,—the fact of the compact's being kept, as well as of its being entered into. Such an understanding is almost universal among "newly married couples"—to use the phraseology of the advertisements in the public journals. One of the first questions, indeed, which the lady friends of a newly married lady put to her, relates to the number of children she means to have. The number agreed on is two, three, four, or five,

according to circumstances; though, as already mentioned, the more common number is three. The number is usually regulated by the amount of property of which the parents are possessed. Not only are all parents in France bound by law to divide their property equally among their children, but an anxious desire is universally prevalent, that they should be able to make a comfortable provision for them. They, therefore, reason in this way:—"We have a certain sum. It would give so much (which would be quite sufficient) to each of four children; therefore let four be the number." Another newly-married pair find that their united wealth will not enable them to give more than a certain sum to each of two children; and they accordingly resolve that their offspring shall be limited to two. If I am asked how the Parisians manage to keep to their agreement in so peculiar a matter, my answer is, that I do not undertake to philosophize, in cases of this nature, but simply to record facts.

The usual custom with persons in easy circumstances is, to send their children out to nurse, in the country, after they are three days old. Wet-nurses are rarely taken into families. The children remain in the country until they are a year and a half, or two years old, without their parents once seeing them during the long interval. There seems to be something exceedingly unnatural in this. It is impossible that a mother who has not seen her child in the interesting period of its infancy, can ever regard that child with the affection with which those regard their children who have had them nursed and brought up under their own eye. It will occur to every one how great must be the facilities which are thus afforded to nurses, should they wish it, to change children. The parents, when they send their infants out of the house almost the moment they are born, and never see them again until they are beginning to walk and talk, can have no means whatever of their certain identification. Fortunately,

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however, there is less risk of the substitution of one child for another in France, than there would be in England, in consequence of the difference there is in the manner in which property is divided among the survivors of a deceased parent.

With regard to the dietary part of the domestic economy of the French, some incidental hints have been already dropped in various parts of the work. Most of them have a sort of preliminary breakfast, consisting simply of a cup of coffee or chocolate, and a little bread, which they hurriedly snatch up, often without even sitting down. This first breakfast, as it is called, is usually taken about eight o'clock. The second, or regular breakfast, is taken about eleven. The only peculiarity in the second breakfast of the better classes is, their always having peaches, pears, apples, lemons, grapes, or other fruit at the table. In some houses a little wine is also drank at breakfast. French dinners consist of a great variety of dishes.

Soup, fish, roast mutton, fowls, boiled beef, potatoes plain, and also prepared in such a manner as to resemble small slices of carrot; salads, cheese, tarts, custards, &c., are invariably to be found on the tables of all respectable families, when the wife is not all day engaged in business. Puddings, I believe, are unknown in Paris, except among the English. The dessert is also varied, but chiefly consists, in summer and autumn, of the fruits of the season. Ardent spirits of any kind are very seldom seen on the dinner-table in Paris. As Champagne costs only from four to five shillings per bottle, it is to be found on the table of every person of respectability, when any friend is partaking of his hospitality. Ale and porter are almost exclusively confined to the tables of English families. *Vin ordinaire*, which can be purchased for sevenpence or eightpence per bottle, is drank, with a little water in it, in the same way as porter or ale is in England. A French family seldom sit less than an hour at dinner,

even when there is no stranger present. Whatever wine they drink is, for the the most part, drank during dinner. Our practice of sitting an hour and a half over the dessert is unknown in France. Tea and supper, as I elsewhere had occasion to remark, are unknown in Paris.

No Scotchman can have visited Paris without being struck with the similarity there is between the customs and habits of the people of Scotland and those of France. I could hardly, on some occasions, divest my mind of the idea, that I was in some populous Scotch town. You see in Paris many highly respectable women visiting their friends and going a-shopping, without their bonnets. Shop-girls and dress makers are also to be seen, in the mornings and at night, walking bare-headed along the streets, as they go to, and return from, their employment. Everywhere you see respectable tradesmen's wives and daughters passing from one part of Paris to another, in omnibuses, or in the capacity of pedestrians, without bonnets. Some

of them, in fact, have no bonnets at all, though otherwise well, and in some instances even elegantly dressed. I went in the railway train to Versailles with a female who had nothing but a cap on her head, who sported a handsome gold watch and chain on her breast; wore a profusion of rings on her fingers; and had otherwise the dress and manners of a lady. In London no respectable woman would, on any account, be seen in the streets, without her bonnet. She never crosses the threshold of her own house without that article on her head. In Scotland, as in Paris, especially in the more northern parts, you often see most respectable females walking in the streets without bonnets. Most of them, including servants in respectable houses, have bonnets; but they are reserved for great occasions,—such as going to church. Then, again, the people of Paris go to bed at an early hour in the evening, and get up at a correspondingly early hour in the morning. The streets of the French capital exhibit signs

and symptoms of industry before breakfast time, which one looks for in vain in London. In Scotland, in like manner, the people are in the habit of going early to bed, and getting up betimes in the morning. In the metropolis of France, even professional men, such as barristers and others, not only rise early in the morning, but they receive friends and persons on business, before the breakfast hour. I had a letter of introduction to one of the most distinguished advocates at the French bar. When I delivered it he was not at home; I asked through the medium of an English friend conversant with the French language, what would be the most convenient hour for seeing him. Judge my surprise when I was told that the proper time would be from seven till nine in the morning.

Another point of resemblance between the customs of the French and Scotch, which struck me very forcibly, is one to which incidental reference has been made in other parts of the

book. I allude to the custom, if, indeed, custom it can be called, of portioning off their houses in floors; or, as the Scotch call them, "flats," each floor being tenanted by a respectable family,—and the outer or front door being left open all day long for the convenience of the occupants generally. In London you never see the door of a house lying open,—not even by accident. In Paris, and the large towns of Scotland, the outer door of a house tenanted by various persons is never shut.

The resemblance between the two countries holds still further good. There is a friendliness of feeling kept up between the various occupants which one would look for in vain among the people of this country. There is too, a remarkable similarity in the internal arrangements of the houses in Paris and in the larger towns of Scotland. The houses in both places can boast of fine spacious stair-cases. Wide, however, as the stair-cases are in Scotland, they are wider still in Paris. In many of the stair-

cases in the latter city, there would be sufficient room, were the thing otherwise practicable, for one friend to visit another in his carriage or cabriolet.

I will only, in this part of my work, allude to one more point of similarity between the customs of the French and those of the Scotch. I refer to the fact of interments taking place in France and Scotland two days after the death of the parties. In some parts of Scotland, they have of late begun to suffer a longer interval between the death and the funeral, to take place; but in no part of Scotland is that interval, except in peculiar cases, allowed to extend beyond three or four days. I remember the time when in Scotland, as is still the practice in France, the funeral invariably took place after an interval of two days.

There is, in Paris, one custom or practice—I hardly know which is the better term—which must appear very strange to an Englishman. I allude to the circumstance of married women,

aided in many instances, by young females, entirely conducting the business of their husbands. To this peculiarity in Parisian life, I have before made a passing reference; but it ought to be adverted to at some length. The shopkeepers of Paris are rarely to be found in their shops; and their wives are never out of them. From an early hour in the morning till the shop closes in the evening, they are to be seen applying themselves to business with an assiduity which exceeds all praise. They order goods, attend to customers, make up parcels, pay away money, receive accounts, keep the books, do, in short, the whole of the business. It is a very common circumstance for a husband to have no specific knowledge of the goods on hand, or of the general details of his business. In comparatively few cases does he possess any such minute knowledge, from his personal examination into the state of matters. If he possess it, he is indebted to his wife for it. All young females in Paris, in the middle walks of life, are educated

with a view to business. Talk to a young lady in any of our English boarding schools, or in any respectable family, about the propriety of her studying the art of book-keeping, and she would consider that you had offered her an insult. In France, on the contrary, young ladies consider an acquaintance with arithmetic and accounts, to be an essential part of their education. Here the wife of one of the better class of shopkeepers, would first scream, and then faint away, were the "horrid ledger" to be accidently discovered on the table of her drawing-room; and she would sink fifty per cent. in her own estimation, were she to put pen to paper in connection, in any way, with the affairs of the shop. The French wife, on the contrary, feels a peculiar delight in superintending, and also conducting with her own hands, the business of her husband. She feels that she is in her proper sphere when behind the counter, and that she is a really useful member of society when

making out accounts, writing letters, giving instructions to assistants, or executing the orders of her customers. To an Englishman, it is a pleasing as well as a novel sight, to witness elegantly dressed handsome women thus actively employed all day long. The cheerfulness of their countenances and their agreeable manner, confirm what I have just stated, respecting the pleasure they take in performing the duties of the shop. It is not because their husbands wish it, that they take on themselves the management of business matters; they do it of their own accord. And even were their husbands to wish them to remain in the house, they would prefer being behind the counter or at the writing-desk. This will in a great measure account for the fact, that such a thing as a shopkeeper-bachelor, is hardly ever to be met with. A man entering into particular kinds of trade in Paris, would no more think of commencing business without a wife, than he would without

commodities wherewith to stock his shop. She is indispensable to him, and to his success in business.

And most admirably do the Parisian wives manage their husband's business. Certain it is that the business would not be half so well conducted by the husbands themselves. The care, the knowledge, indeed the business habits generally, which the wives exhibit in all matters appertaining to the shop, cannot be sufficiently admired. It is to this care and judgment on the part of their wives, that the fact is in a great measure to be ascribed, of there being so few failures among the shopkeepers of Paris.

The result, I ought to add, of this admitted superiority of females to males, in all that relates to matters of business, has been to induce shopkeepers, who require more assistance than their wives are able to afford,—to give a preference to young females over young men. Hence the very few young men, comparatively, who are to be seen in Parisian shops of any kind. As

mere clerks, or accountants, young girls are beginning to be preferred to young men in public establishments, where no goods are sold nor orders given or received. I could mention one of the leading banking establishments in Paris, in which two daughters, one aged eighteen and the other twenty, of one of the principal partners, are daily to be seen at the desk from the beginning to the close of business hours. What would a banker's daughter in London think were she to be compelled daily to sit from ten till five in the banking house, with the day-book or ledger before her? She would just as soon submit to be placed in the pillory.

And in many more establishments, where there is nothing but writing to do, young women will soon be taken in at fixed salaries in the room of young men. Experience proves them to be more steady, more careful, more assiduous in their application to the duties which devolve

upon them, than young persons of our sex. Of late, indeed, a considerable number of young women have been employed in several Government offices as regularly salaried clerks.

CHAPTER VI.

STATE OF MORALS—STATE OF CRIME.

Respects in which the French are more moral than the English—Respects in which they are less so—Miscellaneous observations—Remarks and statistics relative to the present state of crime.

It has already been seen that the people of Paris far surpass the people of this country, not only in the politeness of their manners, but in the kindness of their demeanour towards foreigners. They also excel us in several respects which are more nearly associated with morals than with manners. And first of all, they have immeasurably the advantage of us in

reference to temperance. They are the most temperate people on the face of the earth,—I mean in so far as concerns countries in which intoxicating liquors are abundant, and easily procurable. It is an exceedingly rare thing to meet with a drunken man in the streets of Paris. I never saw but one during the time I was in that city. And when a person is seen in the streets, intoxicated to such an extent as to be incapable of taking care of himself, the French, unless the length of his beard or mustaches tells a different tale, invariably conclude that the party is an Englishman. In fact, the people of France, from what they see and hear of the fearful extent to which inebriating habits prevail in this country, set us down as a nation of drunkards. They fancy that a temperate man must be the exception, not the rule. The late visit of Father Mathew to England, and the immense number of persons to whom he administered the total abstinence pledge, has contributed very greatly to confirm and extend

this impression. Nor can we much wonder at the unfavourable opinion which the French—and it is the same with most foreigners—have formed of us, in reference to the use of intoxicating liquors, when they hear of 2,000,000 persons having taken the abstinence pledge, in a few years, in Ireland, and some 30,000, or so, in a few weeks, in six or seven towns in England. I endeavoured to ascertain what might be the comparative quantity of intoxicating liquors drank in London and Paris, but I did not succeed in obtaining correct information on the subject. I speak, however, with a thorough conviction of the truth of what I say, when I mention, that more intoxicating liquors are drank in one week in London, than in half a year in Paris. In Paris they have no gin palaces, like the thousands of gin palaces in London,—palaces surpassing, in the splendour of their appearance, the mansions of our nobility. Gin, indeed, is unknown in the metropolis of France. I neither saw nor heard of it while

there. There are, it is true, some two or three hundred little shops scattered throughout Paris, for the sale of liquors; but they scarcely do any business. I had the curiosity to pay particular attention to this point; and in order that I might see what was going on inside,—the business being mostly done in a parlour communicating with the front shop,—I went into two or three of the wine-shops kept in the most densely populated parts of the place. The result of my observation and inquiries was what I have stated. The fact that scarcely any business is done in these shops, might safely enough be inferred, from the circumstance of there being seldom more than one person employed to attend to the customers. A few stray persons now and then drop in, and have a pennyworth or two-pennyworth of *vin ordinaire*, or brandy; but you look in vain for large quantities of intoxicating liquors being drank in these places. Even in the hottest weather, during the summer and autumn months, these wine-shops were lite-

rally deserted. My surprise is how the persons who keep them get them to pay, owing to the little quantity of business done. The secret must be in their being conducted at the smallest possible expense.

I know of no terms sufficiently strong to express my admiration of the temperance of the French. To an Englishman, who cannot walk for five minutes at a time along the streets of any of the leading towns of his native land, without seeing men and women staggering on the pavement, and wholly incapable of taking care of themselves, in consequence of having drank to excess,—the sober habits of the French present a most striking contrast. Here, the moralist and minister of the gospel has to address a large portion of his discourse to persons addicted to habits of inebriety. A remonstrance in Paris against the undue use of intoxicating liquors, or an exhortation to temperance, coming either from the pulpit or the press, would seem as much uncalled for, and out of place,

as a remonstrance addressed to the mothers of England against want of love for their children; or an exhortation to them to regard their offspring with a warm affection.

Englishmen are unwilling to acknowledge the superiority of foreigners in any moral quality whatever. In the article of sobriety the French may, with great propriety, be held up as examples for our imitation. I am well aware of the unwillingness of my countrymen to take a leaf out of the book of foreigners; but here they may do so with advantage. I should be very sorry to see the French standard of morals, in reference to many other points, adopted in England; but I should be rejoiced to see it adopted in reference to the use of intoxicating liquors.

Not only, I ought to remark, does the singular sobriety of the French appear in connexion with the quantities of spirituous liquors consumed in public houses; it is equally striking, as relates to the quantities consumed in private houses. The man who would drink to such an

extent in his own house, or in the house of a friend, as to be what, in homely phraseology, is in this country called being the worse for liquor, would sink himself in the estimation of all his acquaintances. To be seen drunk, under any circumstances, in Paris, is regarded as an act of such deep degradation, that the party is almost ashamed again to show his face in the society of his friends. As respects the women, again, a drunken woman is considered the most degrading exhibition which it is possible for female humanity to make. Happily it is a spectacle which the Parisians are scarcely ever fated to witness. Drunkenness, indeed, is comparatively rare even amongst the very lowest, and, in other respects, the very worst classes of the community.

It can hardly be necessary to say, that as drunkenness is a vice which may not, as compared with this country, be said to have an existence in France, so most of the evils of which it is the parent, are equally unknown. Quarrels,

rows, fracas, and fights, are matters of exceedingly rare occurrence in Paris. You may, for months, hourly pass along the streets, without seeing anything in the shape of a quarrel or a fight. I never saw but one quarrel while I was in France; and that was in Boulogne, not in Paris. The belligerent parties were two fishwomen; so that that class of persons seem to have the same instinct for abusing each other all the world over. They expectorated copious quantities of unexceptionable vituperation; but the matter, though it wore at one time a very threatening aspect, did not end as genuine quarrels among women in the streets in this country usually do,—namely, in scratching each other's faces, and tearing each other's hair. When the wordy combatants had exhausted their power of lungs and their abusive resources, they quietly parted.

I did not see a single disturbance while in Paris; and only one scene which could be said to approximate to what is called a fight. That

was in the case of two persons, who, after a somewhat keen argument in words—for their differences seemed more to resemble what would be called a warm discussion, than a positive quarrel—proceeded to lay hands on each other. One of the combatants tripped up the other, and seized and shook him by the breast of his waistcoat while lying on the ground. The prostrate person, who had a beard as long as a goat's, looked unutterably fierce at his antagonist: he looked, indeed, so desperately ferocious, that I had great fears lest, in the event of his regaining his feet and shaking himself clear of the other, he should eat him alive. He did regain his feet, and release himself from the grasp of the other. And what does the reader suppose he then did? Why, he ran away as fast as his feet could carry him; and so there was a harmless end of what I, not knowing the French character sufficiently, had, but a few minutes before, feared might issue in very serious results.

Another respect, in the matter of morals, in which the French, as a people, are superior to the people of this country, is their not allowing their expenditure to exceed their means. They have a strong aversion to debt, and very rarely allow themselves to get into embarrassments. Whether their conduct in this matter arises from any abstract convictions of right; whether from a sense of the moral criminality of contracting debts which they can see no reasonable prospect of being able to pay; or whether they find it much more conducive to their peace of mind to be out of the power of duns to molest them, I pause not to inquire. I content myself with stating the fact, that being deeply in debt is comparatively unknown in France. This trait in the French character, cannot be too warmly commended. It contributes, in a very considerable measure, to the happines of society; and is most conducive to the comfort of individuals and families. What scenes of individual and domestic wretchedness would be spared in this

country, and to how great an extent would society be benefited, were Englishmen to act on the Parisian principle of keeping their expenditure within the limits of their income,—except where that income is inadequate to meet one's physical necessities?

The instances I have mentioned are the leading ones in which the morality of the French is superior to ours. The most remarkable respect in which they are inferior to us, is in that of conjugal fidelity. Having before touched on this point, I need not again refer to it in detail. How the Parisians can reconcile themselves to the state of things which exists in reference to conjugal affairs, is more than I can comprehend. I cannot conceive of the existence of a greater social evil than that of the prevalence of conjugal infidelity. For a husband to feel that he can have no confidence in the faithfulness of her who is the wife of his bosom, and consequently not be satisfied that the children she brings into the world are his children, must, I should ima-

gine, be the very quintescence of misery. I cannot conceive how any man can, in such a case, find his house to be a home at all,—far less a happy home. Domestic life can have no charms for the French; and indeed the fact that it has not, is clearly proved by the unfrequency of their being found at home, and the frequency of their being (the wife and the husband often separately) at the theatre, in the ball room, or some other place of public amusement. An Englishman could not exist were he placed in the situation in which so large a proportion of French husbands are placed. Life would be to him a burden too heavy to be borne.

What I have hitherto said respecting conjugal infidelity in Paris, relates to the wives of persons who are legally married. There are other marriages in that city than those that are valid in the eye of the law. There is a class of marriages which were formerly known by the name of broomstick marriages, but of late years have been spoken of as marriages which have been

celebrated in the *thirteenth* arrondissement of the city; meaning that they are no marriages at all,—there being no such arrondissement as the thirteenth. Two persons conceive an attachment towards each other, and without the observance of any form, civil or religious, agree to live together as man and wife. Fully one half of the working classes of Paris are married only in this way. Of course, their children are considered illegitimate by the State. This will account for the fact, that in all the official returns, the number of illegitimate births in Paris, is nearly as great as that which has taken place in wedlock. It is a curious fact that unions which are formed among the working classes in this way, are very seldom broken. The parties mostly continue to live together until death makes a separation. What may appear more surprising still is the fact, that there is much more conjugal fidelity among those who are thus only conventionally united, than there is among the middle classes, where the marriage

ceremony has been legally performed—first by the mayor, and afterwards by the priest in the parish church. I account for the fact in this way—that the working classes are brought together and form the unions in question, solely from feelings of affection, while in the case of those who are married in the middle ranks, there is nothing but cold heartless calculations as to the pecuniary circumstances of each party. But while I admit that more real happiness results from these conventional marriages, than is the fruit of legal marriages in the middle or higher ranks of society, I must not be supposed to be insinuating even a modified approval of the former. Robert Owen would call them *moral* marriages: I call them most *im*moral; for not only are they an infringement of the divine law, but they lead to very mischievous consequences to society. They tend to undermine the sanctity of the marriage obligation, and lead to that indiscrimate sexual intercourse on the part of others, which is one of the great

moral banes of society in France. They produce inextricable confusion in the social state of that country. They practically throw contempt both on religion and the law, and so far weaken the bonds which hold society together.

But there is a peculiar modification of these marriages in the thirteenth arrondissement, which merits a particular notice. I allude to the intercourse which takes place between the young men and the class of young women called Grisettes. The great facilities for prosecuting literary, scientific, and professional pursuits in Paris, attracts to it a great number of young men from all parts of Europe. The average number of students in Paris, from their nineteenth to their twenty-fourth year, is supposed to be about 7500. Now it is a curious fact, that nearly all these young men—those of them, I mean from the provinces or from abroad—have individually their Grisette. I am quite sure I am within the mark when I say, that there are always 5000 students of law, medicine, and

other professions, each of whom has his Grisette, with whom he lives as her husband. A student and his Grisette usually live together in some small humble attic, very rarely having more accommodation than one room, for which they pay from two to three francs,—or from twenty pence to half-a-crown of our money. Of course I am only speaking of the rent paid in the majority of cases. Those who have the means and disposition, pay a higher rent and procure better accommodation. The young man and his Grisette not only live together as man and wife, but each proves true to the other, until the former has completed his course of studies, and must leave Paris for the provinces, or for his native land, if from abroad. It will be asked what then becomes of the young female? Does he take her along with him? He does not. He leaves her to her fate. Nor does she ever reproach him for so doing. She knew when she first formed the intimacy, that it was only for a time, and not, as in the case of con-

ventional marriages among the working classes, for life. The Grisette parts with her lover-husband, not without regret, but with philosophic resignation. She lives in the hope of his place being soon supplied by another, who will stand to her in the same relation as he did. And she is rarely disappointed. The number of students being greater than the number of the more attractive Grisettes, a good-looking vivacious girl is seldom without an opportunity of forming a second or third connection of the same sort. An instance was mentioned to me, in which one of these females had actually sustained the conventional relation of wife to seven young men successively; and what made the circumstance more curious, they were all medical students.

The Grisettes are a class of Parisian females, who were, so far as I remember, first mentioned by Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey." We hear of them occasionally during the period of the first revolution. They seem to be pretty

much the same now as they were seventy years ago. It was to them I alluded, in an early part of the first volume, when speaking of the handsome, elegantly-dressed young females to be seen in all the leading shops of Paris, and of whom I promised to give some account. The majority of them are dress-makers, or are employed at needle-work in some form or other. They mostly come from the country; and, what will surprise the English reader, they come for the express purpose of living the kind of life I have described. The more intelligent of the young women who promenade the pavements of London, are, in most cases, *driven* to the course of life which they lead, because they have been first seduced and then deserted; but the Grisettes of Paris have no such excuse to offer for being placed in the position in which we find them. It is with them deliberate choice. They come up to Paris, and enter shops at a very reduced rate of wages,—not, in many cases, exceeding four or five francs a week, with their

meals. They come up to town, in order that they may have an opportunity of forming an intimacy with some young student, or other person, with whom they may cohabit. This is no objection to the employer of the Grisette. The girl herself makes no secret of the connection; nor does she find (a circumstance which denotes a deplorable want of moral feeling in Paris) that any one looks down upon her. She is not regarded in the same light as a female is in this country, who is under the protection of a gentleman. On the contrary, she is looked upon by her employers, and by all who know her, in almost the same light as if she were a legally married woman. And when a Grisette does get duly married, which is sometimes the case, the circumstance of her having been a Grisette for a series of years, is considered no stigma on her character; nor does it form any bar to her admission into the society of persons moving in the middle sphere of life.

The Grisettes, as a class, are remarkable for

their affectionate disposition. They are full of kindliness to all their relations, with whom they keep up a constant correspondence, and always aim to make themselves agreeable. But what may appear more extraordinary than all is the fact, that they are models of modesty in their manner. The most fastidiously correct in their notions of propriety of conduct, might be days in their company without ever hearing a word escape their lips, or seeing a look, or action, which could indicate that they had deviated from the paths of virtue. Nor have they any immoral habit but the one I am speaking of. They do not drink: nor are they extravagant in the expenditure of the little money they can save. They are, on the contrary, exceedingly economical: they save all they can; and when they have collected as much as will enable them to begin business, as dress-makers, or in a little shop, for themselves, they leave Paris, and return to their native place, where they settle down, and, in many cases, get legally married.

Some one will, no doubt, inquire, what becomes of the children which are naturally the fruit of such unions as I have been alluding to? They are all sent to the Hospital for Found Infants, which I shall describe hereafter, where they are taken care of; but neither father nor mother ever again see them, nor know whether they are living or dead. And this is not one of the least immoral effects which spring from the laxity of principle which prevails in Paris respecting intercourse between the sexes. I should, however, observe that, owing to certain expedients resorted to, with that view, few of the Grisettes have a numerous progeny, and some of them none at all.

After the Grisettes, it will be expected that I should say something of another class of females in Paris, whose lives are still more immoral. I mean the unfortunate creatures who live by promiscuous prostitution. They are very numerous in the French capital. Their numbers vary at different times: if we set them down at

present at 9000, we shall be found to have made a very near approximation to the truth. The number in London of this class of females is understood to have been steadily diminishing of late; and is probably now about four times as great as the number in Paris. The disparity in favour of Paris is to be accounted for from the number of persons who live in the latter place, though unmarried, as man and wife.

The unfortunate girls in Paris are taken under the special superintendence of Government: every one must be duly licensed before she can engage in her wretched calling. I am aware of the defences which are set up for the conduct of Government in this matter. We are told, for instance, that before a license is granted to any girl who applies for it, the authorities reason and remonstrate with her, on the wretchedness of the life which she means to lead; and that all that argument and exhortation can do, is done, to dissuade her from her purpose. Nor, it is added,

do Government, even after all this has been tried in vain, give up the effort to induce her to abandon her guilty resolution; but they try the effect of putting her off for a number of weeks (six, if I remember right) before granting her the license; taking, in the meantime, the precaution of writing to her friends, to see whether they are willing to receive her back; and if so, requesting them to use their influence to prevail on her to return. It is only when all these efforts have been unsuccessful, and she, after the lapse of several weeks, renews her application for it, that a license is granted her. I can feel the force of all this, and yet I cannot divest my mind of the conviction, that Government, by granting the license at all, give a tacit sanction to the guilty course of conduct which the wretched creature means to pursue; and that they are consequently responsible, in a certain measure, for all the misery which that course of life entails on her.

The license thus granted, must always be

carried about by the unfortunate girl. If she be found without it, and the slightest complaint is made against her by anybody, she is at once consigned to the station-house, where she remains until next day, when she is brought before the police magistrate. If she have her license to produce, she is allowed to go home, and is sent for by the police on the following morning.

The unfortunate females in Paris are in other respects much more strictly dealt with than the same class of persons in London. They must not only not take hold of any gentleman in the streets, but they must not even utter a word in a whisper, as they pass him on the pavement. Then again, instead of being allowed to walk about in any part of town they please, as the same class of persons are allowed in London, they are restricted to certain localities, and these of limited extent. In some streets they are only permitted to walk on the part of the pavement which is opposite the house in which they

live. Their nocturnal promenades, therefore, precisely resemble those of a soldier when walking to and fro on his duty.

So much for the morality, or rather the immorality of the Parisians, in reference to the relationship of the sexes to each other. There are other respects in which the people of Paris are defective in moral feeling and conduct. I shall, however, only allude to one,—namely, that of integrity in their dealings with foreigners. The French shop-keepers have been charged, as a body, with a disposition, when they can get an opportunity, to cheat those persons with whom they have dealings. I think the charge is brought against them too indiscriminately.

That it applies to a number, I have no doubt is too true, from what I heard and saw when in Paris; but I am unwilling to believe that the more respectable class of shop-keepers would be guilty of any dishonesty in their dealings. On the contrary, the better order of shop-keepers

are, I am persuaded, as honourable and upright in their business transactions, as the same class of tradesmen in London.

The Parisians are great gamblers. To such a pitch was the passion for gambling carried some years ago, that the Chambers were obliged to pass a law prohibiting public gaming altogether. And where the interposition of the strong arm of the law is deemed necessary to put down any practice, it may easily be supposed to what an undue extent the practice has been carried. Until 1838, when the public gaming-houses were all shut up by an act of the legislature, they were farmed by a company, from Government. Government were in the annual receipt of 5,500,000 francs, or nearly a quarter of a million of our money, as its share of the profits of the Paris gaming-houses. What was this but virtually approving of and encouraging these immoral establishments? And if a partaker of their gains, Government must also have been a partaker of their guilt. It is shock-

ing to think that such dens of iniquity should have been so long, in effect, thus specially patronised by Government.

Though public gaming in Paris be put down, and though gaming is not allowed in private houses, except under certain regulations, it is still carried on clandestinely to a very great extent. One night in August last, immediately before my arrival in Paris, a gaming-house kept by a French Count was discovered by the police; but before they effected an entrance, all who were at play, with the exception of an Englishman, contrived to escape by a back door. The Englishman was locked up all night, in the station-house; but as he was attached to the embassy, he could not be compelled to appear before the police magistrate next day. He was set at liberty, and nothing more has been heard of the affair, though it was well known the house was wholly devoted to play.

From morals, I now turn for a few moments to the state of CRIME. The age at which the

greatest number of crimes is committed, is from twenty-five to thirty. Among the crimes against the person, those which are most frequent are cutting and maiming, murder, and assassination. Under the latter term, it ought to be remarked, the French include all attempts to take away life. Out of 1000 crimes, arranged in seventeen different classes, it is found that 240 are set down under the head cutting and maiming; 154 under the head of murder; and 125 under the head of assassination. It is not the least remarkable fact connected with the statistics of crime in Paris, that more murders are committed by persons who have passed the age of fifty, than by those who are under that age. It is also a very extraordinary, and I ought to add, revolting fact, that of rapes committed on children, more are committed by persons between the age of seventy and eighty, than during any other ten years of a Parisian's life. I may mention, in proof of this, that recent official returns give the number of

offences of this class, committed during a certain period, between the age of twenty and thirty, as only 108, while the number committed by persons who have passed their seventieth year, is 312. Of crimes committed against property, those which are of most common occurrence are theft, robbery in dwelling houses, and fraud. Out of 1000 crimes of this nature, divided into a list of seventeen classes, 592 were found under the head of theft; 164 under the head of robbery in dwelling houses; and 68 under the head of frauds.

Suicide is a very prevalent crime in Paris. The number of ascertained suicides in the course of a year, is from 550 to 600. As, however, there are no coroner's inquests in France, the number of suicides is generally supposed to be greater than is here represented. It is only when a person has left some memorandum, to show that he died by his own hand, or has committed self-destruction by hanging, blowing out his brains, or in some such other way, as places

it beyond all doubt that he has been the destroyer of his own life,—that the civil authorities class him among suicides. I have no doubt that many of those bodies which are to be seen at the Morgue—a place where the bodies of all persons that have been found in the Seine or the canal are exposed to view for three days, for the purpose of indentification by friends—and which are supposed to have come by a violent death,—are the bodies of persons who have committed self-destruction. The far greater number of suicides belong to our sex. Out of 371 that took place in a given number of months, a few years ago, it was ascertained that 239 were males, and 132 females. Of the same number it was found that 207 were married and 164 not married,—that is, not legally married. The modes of self-destruction were these:—

Drowning . . .	115
Suffocating . . .	61
Strangulation . . .	38

Poisoning . . .	28
Fire-arms . . .	42
Sharp instruments . .	40
Various modes . .	47

The motives which led to the self-destruction of these persons, as far as could be ascertained, were as follows:—

Disgust of life, depression of spirits, and insanity	123
Love and domestic disappointment .	71
Bad conduct, loss at play, fear of reproach and punishment . . .	53
Want of employment, derangement of affairs	59
Motives unknown	60

In connection with the subject of crime, I ought to mention, that I was exceedingly anxious to visit the prisons in Paris; but all my efforts were unsuccessful, even though I obtained,

through a friend, the influence of one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies. The truth is, that the prisons of Paris may now be considered hermetically sealed against visitors. The reason assigned to me by one of the leading individuals connected with that department, for this exclusion, was, that several of the attempts which have been made on the life of the King, had been made by prisoners newly liberated; and that there were the best grounds for believing that they had been instigated to the deed by Republicans who had visited them in prison.

Had I succeeded in getting into the prisons, I should have been able to go in greater detail into the state of crime in Paris. As it was, I learnt enough, from the inquiries I made, to justify me in saying that, bad as the lowest of the lower classes are in London, the dregs of the lower classes in Paris are still more depraved. They are a class of persons who do not shrink from the commission of any crime, however atro-

cious, when they have an object in view. Of them it may be said, with a special emphasis, "They fear not God, neither do they regard man."

CHAPTER VI.

THE COURTS OF LAW.

The Palace of Justice—The professional costume of the barristers—Nature of the proceedings—The leading courts—Number of barristers, and their earnings—Miscellaneous observations.

THE Courts of Law ought not to be overlooked by any visitor to Paris, who is anxious to make himself acquainted with the institutions of our neighbours. They all meet in the Palace of Justice,—a very large and very ancient building in the island of La Cité. The Palace of Justice is much larger than our Westminster Hall; but the hall with which the leading courts com-

municate cannot be compared, in point of architectural taste, with our magnificent hall. It has more of a massy than of an ornamental appearance. In the great hall of the Palace of Justice, there are always many hundreds of persons. On the days on which I was in it, there may have been from 300 to 400; but I am told it is quite a common thing to see from 500 to 600 persons in it. Among these, as might be expected, there is always a considerable sprinkling of lawyers. The great hall is, indeed, a very pleasant place for a lounge; and it is daily visited, with that view, by hosts of Parisian idlers. Along the row of middle arches, and at either side of the hall, are always to be seen some two or three dozen men, each with a small table with writing materials before him. The stranger cannot conceive for what object these individuals are thus to be seen sitting, all day long, with their tables before them. On inquiry, he finds that they are poor persons; most of whom have received a rather

good education, but have been brought into reduced circumstances. They endeavour to earn a livelihood—a very precarious one it certainly is—by writing letters on business matters, and on matters of love also, to those who, feeling their incompetency to do it correctly themselves, are willing to obtain their services. The retaining fee is always moderate. There is no regular scale of fees; the charge made depends on the nature of the work to be done, and the circumstances of the party giving the order. A servant-girl will get, for half a franc, a very nice letter to her lover, written in an unexceptionable hand, and brim full of affection very exquisitely expressed; while a male person requiring a business letter will, according to circumstances, have to pay his one or two francs.

The French barristers wear gowns as in this country, though they are different in form and appearance. Wigs are unknown in the French courts of law. The heads of the barristers,

however, are not without a covering. They are encased by an article called a *tocque;* an article which it is not easy so to describe as to convey a correct idea of it to those who have not been in a French court of justice. It is made of black cloth, and is of an octagonal form. Its height is about six inches. The lower part is edged with velvet, about an inch in breadth. The bands of a French barrister are not like those worn in English courts of law. They are nearly twice as long, and are made of a peculiar kind of cloth, very thick, and having always the appearance, even when fresh from the hands of the laundress, of being much in want of the application of soap and water. The Parisian barristers are not, as in Westminster Hall, to be seen sitting in bevies all day long, in court,—no matter how uninteresting the proceedings may be. If you go into one of the courts in the Palace of Justice, when no case of interest is before it, the probability is that you will not see a single barrister, with the exception of the

counsel who are retained in the case. When, however, cases of commanding interest are under consideration, learned gentlemen attend in very large numbers.

The proceedings in Parisian courts of justice are altogether different from the proceedings in Westminster Hall. I was present in the Court of Assize during a portion of the trial of a very important case, in August last, in which several persons were proceeded against for a fraudulent bankruptcy,—an offence which is always treated criminally in France. I could not conceive anything more different from our mode of procedure, than what I then witnessed. First of all, thirty-six persons are selected by the prefect of the department, by ballot, as jurymen. The Procurator for the King strikes off from the list the names of nine of these, and the prisoner strikes off other nine. A Chief Judge and two assistant councillors preside at the trial. The Procurator opens the case against the prisoner, stating the nature of the charge preferred against

him, and the leading facts on which it is grounded. He is followed by the Advocate General, also a servant of the Crown. This functionary appeals to the jury on behalf of what he calls outraged society,—outraged by the conduct of the prisoner. He implores them to do justice to society, and to those principles of right which have been grossly trampled on in the prisoner's person. And here I should remark, that instead of proceeding on the assumption on which English jurisprudence always proceeds, namely, the innocence of the prisoner until he be found guilty,—the proceedings in a French court of justice are all based on an assumption the very reverse, namely, that every prisoner is guilty until he is proved to be innocent. And what is, if possible, even worse than this, the Judge possesses the right, and too often exercises it, of interrogating the prisoner with the view of convicting him out of his own mouth. This is monstrous. Of course, the prisoner, if directly asked whether he be guilty, will

answer in the negative. Consequently that question is never put to him. Besides, his record of a plea of "not guilty," would suggest the folly of attempting to get him to confess his guilt. But though a direct admission of a prisoner's guilt is never, for the reasons I have mentioned, sought to be extorted, indirect admissions are often elicited from him, which cannot fail to leave the impression of guilt on the jury's mind, even where the evidence would fail to support the charge preferred against him. The only circumstances in the prisoner's favour, not enjoyed in our courts of law, are, that he may, at any stage of the proceedings, address the court in his own favour; that he is always the last party heard; and that, if he wish counsel to defend him, and is too poor to pay for his services, Government is bound to provide professional assistance for him.

There is no witness-box in French courts. The witness stands on the middle of the floor, and gives his evidence. I need not mention that before he gives his testimony he is sworn,—

not, however, as in our courts of law, by kissing the New Testament, but by holding up his right hand, and repeating the words of the oath after the officer who swears him. He then proceeds to give his evidence, in the form of a statement of all the circumstances connected with the case which consist with his own personal knowledge. It is only when any point appears obscure in his evidence, that questions are put to him, which are always done by the judge. When the evidence is finished, and the prisoner or his counsel makes the closing speech, the case is referred to the jury, who proceed to deliberate on their verdict. A unanimous verdict is not necessary, as with us, to find the prisoner guilty. If a majority be against him, he is convicted; but if the majority be in his favour, or even if the numbers be equal, he is acquitted.

Before a prisoner can be brought to trial, there are certain forms which must be gone through. He is first of all brought before the Procurator of the King in the department in which

he was apprehended. The Procurator of the King reports the case, after examining the prisoner, to the Judge of Instruction, who examines witnesses against the prisoner. The report is then sent back to the Procurator of the King (there being one for each department), who gives his legal opinion of the merits of the case, in writing; and again returns it to the Judge of Instruction. The case is next submitted to a Chamber of Council, belonging to the Tribunal of First Instance. This Chamber, consisting of three judges of the court just named, decide whether or not there be grounds for proceeding with the case. If they decide in the affirmative, the prisoner is committed to take his trial at the assizes, which sit twice every month. If the decision of these three subordinate judges is that the prisoner be acquitted, the Procurator of the King can himself report to a tribunal called the Chamber of Accusation. If the Chamber of Council in that court decide that the case should be proceeded with, it is sent to the court itself,

which consists of five judges of the Court Royal, with whom it finally rests, to say whether the prisoner ought to be committed or not. Many prisoners escape at one or other of these preliminary stages of the proceedings, the evidence against them being insufficient. I have not been able to ascertain the exact proportion which the escapes have borne to the committals, within the last two or three years; but five years ago, out of 9452 prisoners examined, or as the French say "interrogated," 5,656 were committed to take their trial, and the remaining 3,795 were discharged.

The system of criminal jurisprudence in France, is far inferior to ours. In its anxiety to insure the conviction and punishment of the prisoner, it often exceeds the limits of justice. The forms of the Court are, for the most part, adverse to the prisoner's acquittal even when he is innocent. But perhaps there is nothing more flagrantly defective in the mode of proceeding in a French Court of justice, than

the circumstance of there being no punishment annexed to the crime of giving false evidence.

Perjury can at any time be committed with impunity, as far as human laws are concerned, in a French court of justice; and wholesale perjury is a matter of very frequent occurrence in the Palace of Justice. In one recent case, it was proved beyond a doubt, that twenty-five witnesses in succession committed perjury. This may appear so startling a statement, that it is right I should mention the authority on which I make it. M. Charles Ledru was counsel for one of the parties, an English gentleman, and I not only had the fact from M. Ledru's own lips, but have his permission to make it known on his authority. It is right, however, to remark, that though perjury in the French Courts is a matter of very frequent occurrence, it is rarely committed on so extensive a scale as this. I asked M. Ledru how he accounted for such wholesale false-swearing. His answer was, that it was to be ascribed to the fact, that the

party against whom the witnesses gave evidence was an Englishman; and that such are the prejudices entertained by the lower orders of the French against Englishmen, that they fancy they are justified in swearing falsely against them, when they come in collision with their own countrymen. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing of all remains to be stated in connection with this point. I allude to the fact, that even where the perjury is palpable on the very face of the witnesses' evidence, the judge does not interfere to prevent it,—not even by a rebuke to the party from whom it proceeds.

The description I have given, and the remarks I have made, relate to the proceedings in criminal cases. In the procedure in civil cases there is nothing so remarkable as to merit any detailed allusion to it.

The leading courts in the Palace of Justice are the Court of Cassation—the Court Royal—and the Court of First Instance, called in France, the Tribunal de Premiere Instance. The

Court of Cassation was established in 1790, and is the supreme court in France. It is solely a court of appeal. Its powers are very great. It cannot only reverse the decisions of the inferior courts, but, when presided over by the Minister of Justice, can pronounce censure on them, and even suspend the judges. When it reverses the decisions of the inferior courts, it appoints other courts to try the cases anew. The leading officers of the Court of Cassation are a President, three Vice-presidents, and forty-five Counsellors, all of whom are nominated for life by the King. It is divided into three sections, called sections of requests, and sections of civil and criminal Cassation. The Court of Cassation is not open to the members of the bar generally. The number of persons qualified to plead in it, is limited to sixty, and they constitute a kind of legal college. The salary of the First President is 30,000 francs, or £1200 per annum. Each of the Vice-Presidents receives 18,000 or £720 a year. There are also forty-five coun-

sellor-judges connected with the various chambers or departments of the Court, each of whom receives 15,000 francs, or £600 for his judicial services. The Procurator-General of the Court (the celebrated M. Dupin) receives the same salary as the First President, namely, £1200 a year. There is also another legal functionary of high standing connected with the court. I mean the First Advocate General, who receives 18,000 francs for his services. He is assisted by five subordinate Advocates General, each of whom receives 15,000 francs for his services. There are a great many other persons connected with the court whose offices and salaries it would be tedious to specify.

The Court Royal is next in importance to the Court of Cassation. It is presided over by a chief President, five Presidents, forty-five counsellors, and various other functionaries. In order that every facility may be afforded to the administration of justice, it is divided into five departments, called, by the French, Chambers. The

Court of Assize is included under the comprehensive designation of the Court Royal. Connected with this court is an office in which the best legal advice is given gratis to those who are too poor to pay for it. The office, however, is only open one day in the week, and then only for three hours in the day.

The salary of the Chief President is 24,000 francs, or £960 per annum. The salaries of the others vary, but are all considerably less.

The Court of First Instance is a tribunal for the first stages of all criminal cases. It consists of one President, seven Vice-Presidents, and thirty-four inferior judges, who sit in the eight Chambers into which it is divided. The sum which the President yearly receives for his services is 16,000 francs, or £640.

To the Justices of Peace and the Justices of Instruction Courts, I need not make any allusion. By far the most expensively conducted court, is the Court of Cassation. The expenses,

in one shape or other, fall very little short of 1,000,000 francs, or £40,000, a year. It will be seen, however, how very poorly the judges in France are paid, compared with the remuneration which our judges receive for their judicial services. The President of the Court of Cassation only receives £1200 per annum,—while the Lord Chief Justice of our Queen's Bench receives £8000. The average salaries of other French judges, of the highest grade, do not exceed £1000 per annum, while the average salaries of our judges in Westminster Hall are, speaking in round numbers, £5000.

The French Courts of Law seem to proceed with much greater expedition than ours in the disposal of the cases that come before them. The Court of Cassation gives its decision in from 1700 to 2000 cases every year. With regard to the number of cases in which judgments are given yearly in the Royal Court, I have not been able to obtain any information. In

the Court of First Instance, nearly 10,000 cases are annually decided. But a still more extraordinary display of despatch is given by the Tribunal of Commerce, which holds its sittings at the Bourse,—the Stock Exchange of Paris. In the year ending June last, the number of cases decided were no fewer than 40,000; and this, too, though the Court has only two divisions. The cases, I should mention, tried in this Court are all of a commercial nature,—and the judges are all honorary. They are chosen from among the more intelligent and respectable merchants in Paris, and their decisions usually give great satisfaction.

The number of barristers in Paris is quite as great, compared with the population, as the number in London. The number who profess to live by their practice is little short of 1000. But of this number not one in twenty earn a respectable livelihood by their professional exertions. Briefless barristers are as plentiful in Paris as in our metropolis. I have seen a litho-

graphed list of the names of all the barristers in Paris who have risen to distinction, and are able to support themselves, and their wives and families, where they have them, by their professional pursuits; and the number does not exceed forty. In London, at least two hundred barristers can maintain themselves in respectability by their practice. Consequently, after making due allowance for the comparative population of the two places, success at the bar is much more frequent here than in France.

I was curious to learn what might be the highest amount which the more successful barristers in Paris yearly realise by their professional labours; but though I repeatedly met with distinguished men at the French bar, I could not get anything but conjectural information. The earnings of our leading lawyers are well known in Westminster Hall. It is well known, for instance, that Lord Brougham, when Henry Brougham, one year realised £16,000; that Sir Thomas Wilde received

£8,000 for his services in the "Small and Attwood" case; that Sir William Follett is now receiving from £10,000 to £12,000 per annum, in the Common Law Courts; and that Mr. Pemberton has repeatedly, of late years, derived upwards of £10,000 from his professional services at the Chancery bar. The gains of barristers in France do not transpire in the same way. The practice of M. Dupin, Procurator for the King (which is synonymous with the Attorney-General to our Queen), is by far the most lucrative in Paris; but it is not supposed to bring him, on an average, more than from £7000 to £8000 a year. And of this I am quite certain, that not more than four or five of his brethren at the bar realise, by their professional exertions, an average yearly income exceeding £5000. I am satisfied, from all the inquiries I made, that not more than ten or twelve of the Parisian barristers derive £2000 per annum from their practice.

M. Charles Ledru, who is a distinguished

and rapidly rising member of the French bar, may be said to have a monopoly of English cases. He was counsel for Lady Lytton Bulwer, in the celebrated case in which she was a party a few years ago. M. Ledru was also counsel for Mr. Beaumont, in the no less celebrated case against Mr. Somers, M.P., in which the former gentleman played so prominent a part. What M. Ledru's earnings may be, I have not heard; but as English clients usually pay much better than the French, I should think he must be realising a handsome income from his professional labours. M. Ledru is the gentleman in whose arms Armand Carrel expired.

I have seen, not only in English works, but in those of French writers, a disposition to speak in depreciatory terms of the members of the French bar. Balzaac, for example, in one of his sketches, represents it as a characteristic of the briefless barrister in Paris, that he is always to be seen, looking out in the lowest

parts of the city, for clients, in the persons of pickpockets and other equally degraded characters. Such representations are ungrounded. From all I saw, and from all I could learn, the Parisian barristers are, as a class, highly respectable. They are so, undoubtedly, in general attainments. Many of the master spirits of modern France are members of the bar. M. Berryer, who is said to be the first orator as well as one of the most talented men of his age, is a French barrister.

The number of attorneys and solicitors in Paris bears no proportion to the number in London. In Paris, their number does not exceed 250. Here it is five or six times greater. The disparity is to be accounted for from the fact, that it is not necessary in France, as here, that all intercourse between a client and his counsel should take place through the medium of an attorney. In France, the barrister usually communicates directly with his client.

CHAPTER VII.

HOTELS—COFFEE-ROOMS—DINING-HOUSES.

Leading English Hotels—Table d'Hotes—Dining at Restaurants—Splendour of the Cafés—Prices charged—Quality of the articles supplied—Business done, &c.

Much of human happiness, disguise it as men will, depends on what are called the good things of the table. The enjoyment of a visit to a foreign land, is particularly dependant on the visitor's knowledge of the way in which he can live best at the least expense. I may, therefore, be able to contribute to the comfort of those of my countrymen who may have occasion

to visit the capital of France, by giving them some information respecting the Hotels, the Dining-rooms, and the Coffee-houses of that city.

In the Paris hotels, as in hotels everywhere else, there is a great difference in the charges, even where there is little, if any, difference in the quality of the accommodation afforded, or the comfort enjoyed. If you put up in particular hotels, your bill, at the end of the week, will be a third larger than it would have been at some other hotel, in the same part of the town, where the accommodation would have been equally good. I am at present speaking of hotels which are chiefly patronised by the French themselves. In those hotels which are mostly frequented by the English, there is not such a marked difference in the charges, unless there be a corresponding difference in the general style of the house. The principal English hotel is Meurice's Hotel, in the Rue Rivoli, looking into the Tuileries, and on the vast extent

of open space in that beautiful part of Paris. This is quite an aristocratic hotel, and none but those who consider themselves fashionable or aristocratic people, ever dream of putting up in it. No man must think of dining there under from fifteen to twenty francs. The charges for beds, or for private apartments, are correspondingly high. I cannot specify these charges, because they vary with the season of the year, and with the part of the house which the visitor may select. I should not think the average price of a bed can be less than eight or ten francs per night, at the season of the year when the English muster most strongly in Paris.

Next in importance among the English hotels, comes the Bedford Hotel, in the Rue St. Honoré. This establishment is kept by Mr. and Mrs. Lawson. Though I did not put up there, I had occasion to spend some time with a friend in it. It contains ample accommodation, and is conducted in such a manner as to give satisfaction to those who patronise it. The charge for

dining at the table d'hote is three francs, and for breakfast, a franc and a half. The charge for beds, as in most other hotels, depends on the part of the house selected. The price most commonly paid is two francs per night.

The Hotel de Lille and Albion, in the Rue St. Thomas, du Louvre, though kept by a Frenchman, is very much frequented by the English. The landlady and most of the servants can speak our language,—so that no Englishman unacquainted with the French language, can there feel himself at any loss. It is very tastefully fitted up, as indeed the Hotels in Paris generally are, and there is an atmosphere of comfort in it which makes it a great favourite. The servants are very civil and attentive. Having put up in this establishment during my stay in Paris, I can speak the more confidently on the point. The general charge for beds is two francs, or one and eight-pence per night. Breakfast, if simply consisting of tea or coffee, and bread and butter, costs a franc and a half, or

fifteen pence; if a cutlet be added, it will be half a franc more. The table d'hote is three francs, or half-a-crown. If *vin ordinaire* be ordered along with dinner, which is almost universally the case, it is charged at the rate of a franc per pint, or two francs per bottle.

The Victoria Hotel, at the back of the Madeline, kept by Mrs. Merle, the wife of Mr. Gibbons Merle, a gentleman long connected with the London press, is another of the leading English Hotels. It is a well-frequented, and well-conducted establishment. The charges are in all essential respects the same as in the Hotel de Lille. There is one feature in the management of the Victoria which, as far as my observation extended, is peculiar to it. I allude to the circumstance of persons being taken as a kind of boarders, at so much per week, without being liable to any extra charge whatever. I met with a lady who mentioned to me that she made an arrangement of this nature with Mrs. Merle, paying two guineas per week; and that nothing

could be more comfortable or satisfactory. One great advantage certainly, of such an arrangement is, that a person can thereby calculate his indoor expenses to a fraction.

As there is a table d'hote every day at all the leading hotels in Paris, and as table d'hotes are comparatively unknown in this country, it may be proper to give a short account of this mode of dining in the French capital. The number of persons who sit down to the table d'hotes, varies according to the amount of business done in the particular hotel, the season of the year and other circumstances. In the hotel where I put up it varied from twenty to forty. In England I have never seen any ladies at table d'hotes: in France there is always a greater or less number of the fair sex present. I need not, however, say that in every instance there is a great preponderance of our sex,—generally speaking, I should say there are three gentlemen for one lady. The dishes at the table d'hotes are varied, and generally the very best of their

kind. A commencement is made with soup, which is followed by fish; then come meats of different sorts, but always including roast mutton, boiled beef, veal in its season, fowls, and pastry of various kinds. Between the meats and the pastry, I ought to observe, cheese and sallads are sent round the table. After dinner, comes the dessert, consisting of (when in season,) peaches, plums, greengages, pears, and apples; raisins, almonds, and confectionary sweetmeats. In fine, a person gets as good a dinner, at a Parisian table d'hote for half-a-crown, as is served up at any public dinners in the Freemasons' Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, for a guinea,—the only difference being that in the latter instance the wine is included, while in the former it is not.

At most of the hotels a person may sit down to the table d'hote, though he does not put up in the house. This, however, is seldom done, as it is found that one can dine much cheaper, as

will be presently seen, at one of the many restaurants with which Paris is crowded.

At all the Paris hotels, the invariable practice is to make a certain allowance to the servants of the establishment generally, when a gentleman is paying his bill, instead of giving so much to the waiter, so much to the chambermaid, and so much to "boots." This is certainly more convenient than the practice in this country. It is optional with the party paying his bill, to give what sum he pleases to the servants; but the conventional understanding is that a franc be allowed per day. If, however, there be three of a family putting up in the same place, not more than two francs per day will be expected; or if a father and a young son or daughter, be living in the same hotel, a franc and a half will be deemed sufficient.

It is well for an Englishman visiting Paris, to make a distinct agreement as to terms, before he settles down in any hotel. If the house happen to

be crowded at the time, and no definite agreement has been made as to terms, he will most probably be charged much more than he had any idea of. A friend of mine on his first visit to Paris, being unacquainted with the ways of that city, asked at a particular hotel, whether they had accommodation, without making any enquiry as to terms. He was answered in the affirmative, and was directed to a particular apartment. When he came to pay his bill, he was charged seven francs a night for his bed. Shortly afterwards he had occasion to re-visit Paris; and having enquired the price of the same room per night, was answered three francs, which was all he had to pay.

The RESTAURANTS of Paris are the places at which most persons in easy circumstances dine. They occupy the same place in Paris as dining-rooms do in London. They are very numerous. They are to be found in every part of the town; but the celebrated place for them is the Palais Royal, and its neighbourhood. So partial, in-

deed, are many of the Parisians to the dinners furnished in the Palais Royal, that they come from all parts of the town to dine there. The same dinner served up to them in another part of Paris, would lose half its relish. The prices vary according to the style of the house, and the quality of the articles served up. I met with no instance in which the charge exceeded two francs and a half, including a pint, or half a bottle, of *vin ordinaire*. There are, indeed, some respectable houses in which the charges are as low as a franc and a half. Among the best and most frequented of these, is one in the Rue Viviene, and another at a street on the eastern side of the Palais Royal, leading out of the Rue St. Honoré. The most common price, however, is two francs. And for this small sum (twenty pence of our money) with an additional three-halfpence or twopence, in the shape of a gratuity to the waiter, you can have a dinner which is sure to satisfy any ordinary appetite, and which never fails to suit the most dainty palate.

You are allowed to make your own choice of dishes, to the extent of four. A list of the articles whence you are to make your selection, is set before you,—not, as in London, written on a slip of paper, or on a sheet enclosed in a wooden frame, but made up in the form of a book, duly printed and paged. In some of these books, in the principal dining establishments, there are as many as thirty or forty pages; and the list of articles from which you are to make your choice, sometimes extends to the extraordinary number of from 250 to 300. Here there is surely variety enough. Could the most passionate admirer of a good dinner desire more? The very number of dishes confounds an Englishman. Did not the waiter come to his aid, and recommend him some particular articles, there would be a danger of his being so bewildered, as to be unable to come to any decision at all. The greatest error which an Englishman commits, when making a selection of articles for his dinner, is, in supposing

that the potatoes form an appendage to, or part of, the dish with which they may be ordered. On the contrary, being prepared in a peculiar way, they rank as a dish of themselves. After dinner comes a sort of dessert, consisting of a limited quantity of fruit, but always of the best kind. The visitor to the more respectable restaurants, however, usually makes such a hearty dinner, that he cares but little about the dessert. Ladies are in the habit of dining at these places as well as gentlemen. You often see some of the finest and most elegantly dressed women in Paris sitting down to dinner, and giving their orders, with as much composure as if they were at home,—in the presence of fifty, sixty, eighty, and often as many as a hundred gentlemen. Sometimes they are accompanied by their husbands—for they are all married; sometimes by some friend, of our sex; and often by nobody at all. They not only, with the utmost self-possession, take off and lay aside their bonnets when they sit down; but when

they have dined, they put them on again, and adjust, in the presence of scores of gentlemen, their dresses at one of the mirrors in the place, with as much nonchalance as if they were in their own dressing-rooms at home.

A very large amount of business is done in many of these Parisian dining-rooms. In a very celebrated one, up three pair of stairs, in the Palais Royal, where the charge is two francs, the average number who daily dine is 350. I myself have seen as many as 140 persons dining in it at once. Three hundred and fifty persons, at two francs each, give 700 francs, or about £50 of our money,—a large sum to receive in a few hours, for dinners. There is another house in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, where the charge for dinner is a franc and a half,—at which not fewer than from 700 to 800 persons dine every day.

In the dining-rooms of Paris, you never meet with a newspaper. Fond as the Parisians are of their journals, they give a decided preference

to their dinners. It has been found, by experience, that no one will read the newspaper at the dinner-table,—not even in the public dining-rooms. Here, a dining establishment without its ample supply of the morning journals, might shut up at once. The newspaper is as essential to an Englishman as his roast beef.

The COFFEE-HOUSES, or Cafés, as they are called in France, are still more numerous in Paris than the restaurants. They are done up with a degree of taste, which far surpasses anything which could be imagined in this country. Those in the Palais Royal, and Italian Boulevards, are not only elegant, but actually dazzle the eye by the splendour of their decorations. They are among the most spacious rooms you will see in Paris, amply lighted from the windows in the day-time, and brilliantly lighted with gas at night. Wherever you turn, or in whatever way you look, you see yourself reflected by the beautiful mirrors in all parts of the room. All around and above is beautifully

ornamented work. If you wish to sit close to the wall, you will find a range of cushioned seats between the walls and the tables, on which you may recline. Should you prefer a tastefully-formed, well-cushioned stool, intended for only one person, you will find the article in all parts of the room. The tables are very numerous, being, for the most part, intended only to accommodate one, two, three, or four. They are all fixed to the floor, by means of rods of iron, which serve as substitutes for the wooden legs, which are universal among us. The tables themselves are made not of wood, but of marble slabs, about half an inch in thickness. At these cafés a great deal of business is done,—though not so much, especially towards evening, as the stranger would be apt to suppose. From eight till twelve o'clock, the hour at which they shut up for the night, they are crowded in every part. You may sometimes see as many as sixty, seventy, or eighty persons in them at once. If you pay particular attention, however, you

will discover, that hardly any of them are drinking coffee: they are mostly reading the newspapers or magazines, or playing at drafts, chess, or some other game. And in order that they may have an opportunity of doing this at the least possible expense, they content themselves with ordering, as they enter, twopennyworth of brandy. They may then remain as long as they please, without ordering anything else.

The coffee in France is infinitely superior to anything of the kind ever seen in England. It is deliciously rich,—too rich, indeed, for the palates of many Englishmen, especially when newly arrived in Paris. The mode in which it is made, is by keeping both the coffee and the cream continually boiling. The coffee which is exceedingly strong, is then poured into the cup, until the latter is about two thirds full, when the cream is poured in. Some of the French like their coffee and cream mixed in about equal proportions. They have only to mention the circumstance to the waiter, and their wishes

will be cheerfully complied with. A large quantity of lump sugar, twice as much as the most sweet-mouthed can require, is always set down along with the coffee,—it being left for every one to sweeten the latter to his taste. An ample supply of butter and bread—the latter of different kinds—is always set before the customer. A bottle of iced water is also set down, the Frenchman being in the habit of drinking considerable quantities of pump water, iced in summer and always sugared, after breakfast. It is in the contemplation of this that such an undue quantity of sugar—I should suppose not less than a quarter of a pound—is put on the table along with the coffee. For all this the charge in most of the higher classes of coffee houses, is one franc. The waiter expects in addition, a gratuity of two sous, or a penny of our coin,—a gratuity which no one can grudge him in return for his civility.

It is quite customary for the French, when they do not use all the sugar laid down to them, to put

the rest in their pocket. The waiters are not surprised when this is done; on the contrary, they are surprised when it is not done. Such a practice here would do something more than excite astonishment. A Frenchman who lately arrived in this country, never dreaming that the customs of England were different, in this matter, from those of his beloved France, stepped into a hotel in Fleet Street, and having ordered and partaken of breakfast, he deliberately emptied the contents of the sugar bowl into his pocket. A policeman having been called in, poor "Monsieur" was locked up for the night in the station house, on a charge of theft, and next day brought before the Lord Mayor. It was at once discovered that the act of Monsieur was not the result of any felonious intention, but was to be solely ascribed to the erroneous supposition, that in this matter the custom of the two countries was identical. As it was, poor Monsieur suffered sufficiently for his mistake.

The quantity of coffee constituting a cup, in

a Paris Café, is nearly equal to our pint. And it is worthy of observation, that it is there served up in what are here called long-cups,—which are scarcely less thick or weighty than the pewter pots which are used in the public-houses in London. When an Englishman takes, for the first time, a Parisian cup and saucer into his hands, both are sure to have a narrow escape from falling on the floor, in consequence of their unexpected weight. A Frenchman never pours his coffee out of his cup into his saucer: he either drinks or sips it out of his cup. Of late, the practice of sipping it with a spoon, as if it were a bason of soup, has become somewhat general.

Ladies frequent the Cafés as well as gentlemen. They are not, it is true, nearly so numerous as the gentlemen, but you rarely see a well-filled Café without a fair sprinkling of the other sex. They sometimes sit for hours in the evening, reading the newspapers or the maga-

zines, while their husbands are playing at chess, or dominoes. At these establishments the waiters are all men, but a female always elegantly dressed, and in the majority of cases, handsome, is invariably to be seen sitting on an elevated desk, like a Queen on the throne, receiving all the money, and otherwise superintending the business. This lady, who is, in most cases, the mistress of the house, receives as I had occasion to remark in my first volume, the profound obeisance of all who enter the place. She is, too, not only the observed of all observers, but the admired of all admirers. No one who has not been in France can have any conception of the homage which the French render to women.

In all the leading coffee-houses the whole of the morning papers are taken in. In most of them there is also a fair supply of magazine literature. The newspapers are all fastened to a piece of wood somewhat resembling a printers' galley, but narrower, and with a handle, similar

to that of a barber's wooden strap. It is, therefore, impossible for any one to steal a newspaper in these establishments.

In none of the coffee-houses—none at least, so far as my observation extended—is the charge for the coffee and the proper supply of bread and butter, less than eight-pence in our money. Of course, therefore, these establishments are beyond the means of the working classes. Now, it repeatedly occurred to me while in Paris, that an essential service would be rendered to the lower classes, were a number of coffee-shops similar to those in London, introduced into Paris, where a cup of coffee and bread and butter, could be procured for three-pence, or three-pence halfpenny. I am sure that the working classes of Paris would find it a great benefit to change, at least once a day, their everlasting soup for a cup of wholesome coffee. There might be some difficulty in getting them to make the change at first, as con-

firmed habits are always difficult to alter; but the alteration once made, would, I feel assured, become a permanent, because it would be found to be a most beneficial one.

CHAPTER IX.

INTERESTING PLACES.

Preliminary observations — The Louvre — Versailles — The Madeline—Notre Dame—Pere-la-Chaise—The Garden of Plants, &c., &c.

To describe all the interesting places in Paris, would require a work exclusively devoted to the purpose. I can only bestow a passing notice on a very few of the many objects and places which claim the attention of every foreigner who visits the metropolis of France.

Before I begin my brief allusions to the more interesting buildings and places in Paris, I ought

to remark, that the Parisians not only have reason to be proud of their public buildings, but that they do feel a deeper interest, and take a greater pride in them, than we ever witness among the people of our country. A Parisian identifies himself with the buildings and institutions of his beloved Paris. An Englishman speaks of his country in the abstract: a Frenchman speaks of the edifices and institutions of France in detail, and is unbounded in his admiration of them all. He considers himself a part of every institution and every interesting building. Hence, when a foreigner admires the Louvre, or even Pere-la-Chaise,—a place, as will be presently seen, devoted to the interment of the dead,—the Parisian feels as much gratified as if you were paying himself some personal compliments, or were admiring some real or fancied good qualities he possesses. The Parisian never detaches himself, in his thoughts or affections, from Paris. He regards himself as an essential part of it. You see the

Parisian following a couple of Englishmen, as they proceed from one room to another in the Louvre, or in the Jardin des Plantes, and his eye actually lightens up as he hears either place receiving the commendation of our countrymen. Praise any public building or institution in Paris, in the presence of a Parisian, and you will see his countenance brighten up with joy. Had you conferred some personal favour on him, he could not appear more gratified or grateful. In the commendation you have bestowed on something Parisian—no matter what—you have made him your friend, and afforded him the highest delight which it was in your power to infuse into his bosom. But what is most extraordinary of all, is the fact, that a Frenchman can never endure anything to be said to the disadvantage of Paris, even by one of his own countrymen. There is something so peculiar in the character of John Bull, that while he would fell the foreigner to the ground, who would say a single disparaging word of

England, he has no objection to hear his country most heartily abused by any of his own countrymen. In accordance with this remark, I may mention, that nothing is more common than to see two or more Englishmen anathematising their country, its institutions, its buildings, its everything; but the moment a Frenchman begins to converse on the subject, they stand up for their country with an energy which must convince its traducers that the sooner they desist from their attacks on England or its conduct, the better. An Englishman is quick-sighted to the blemishes of England and the English, when he is in the company of his own countrymen only: the moment a foreigner takes part in the discussion, he is seized with total blindness: his country is perfection itself. The distinction is a very important one. It is to the fact, that a Parisian discerns no defects in the moral or social state of Paris, that so few improvements are made in it. Improvements in the French capital never originate with the

people: they are always the result of individual suggestions.

Numerous as are the objects which claim the attention of the stranger on his arrival in Paris, it will be found that, in almost every instance, he pays his first visit to the Louvre, which is the most extensive picture gallery in the world. To see it fully, it would be necessary to devote several days to it. Even to go through all the apartments with that slow and measured pace, with which it is requisite persons should walk when they have to bestow what is called a passing glance on the objects which surround them, would require at least two hours. As regards the size, our National Gallery, as compared with the Louvre, is a mere Lilliputian edifice. I do not know the number of paintings in either place, but I am confident there must be ten or twelve times the number in the former that there is in the latter. But let me guard myself against a possible misconception here. When I am speaking of the vast superiority of the

Louvre of Paris to our National Gallery, as the abode of the fine arts, I confine myself entirely to the comparative size of the two buildings, and the number of paintings they contain. As regards the excellence of the paintings, I am satisfied that the National Gallery is far before the Louvre. There are, doubtless, a great many superior pictures in the Louvre, but a very considerable majority of them appeared to me not to be of the highest order of excellence. It is the number of the pictures, and the size of the place, that fill the stranger with amazement. What will the reader who has never been in Paris think, when he is told, that one room alone—a room of unbroken continuity—exceeds a quarter of a mile in length. The breadth is twenty-eight feet. It has a curious effect on the mind of the visitor, when he first enters this room, which is known by the name—a most appropriate one, assuredly—of the Long Room. Never having seen any room before, at all approaching it in length, he is overcome with sur-

prise as he looks through the long vista before him,—the walls lined on either side with the triumphs of artistical genius. In this room alone there are nearly 1500 pictures. What contributes very much to render the scene additionally picturesque, is the great number of persons, ladies as well as gentlemen, who are to be seen in all parts of the place, copying the better class of pictures. Many of those who are so employed are only amateurs. They are almost, however, in every instance, great proficients in the art of drawing. The rest are professionally employed,—that is to say, are taking copies, for which they will be handsomely paid by those who employ them. There are many persons, of both sexes, who live entirely by the copies they make of favourite pictures in the Louvre. A considerable number may, in a sense, be said to spend their lives in the Long Gallery of that building. Those who would wish to see the comparative extent to which the cultivation of the fine arts is carried

in Paris and in London, should visit the Louvre. Both the number of persons employed in copying, and the quality of their work, conclusively prove that in France there is a much more cultivated, and far more generally diffused taste, for the fine arts, than in this country.

Among the other parts of the building appropriated to the pictures, are the Standish and Spanish Galleries. The former was presented to Louis Phillippe by the English gentleman whose name it bears. The latter consists of an immense collection of paintings by the best Spanish masters, mostly collected by Marshal Soult, whose property they were. But I must not pause to go into particulars. Beside those portions of the magnificent building devoted to paintings, there are immensely large apartments appropriated to the reception of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman antiquities, and to the works of modern sculptors. The collection of these is very large, and very valuable. But many of the figures, however admirable as works

of art, are altogether unfit for female inspection. And yet the parts of the Louvre in which they are exhibited, are crowded with lady visitors. How ladies can deliberately walk through these apartments in the presence of gentlemen, and carefully inspect the various figures which there invite attention, appears to me surprising. The effect must be to blunt, in a greater or less degree, those delicate sensibilities of the mind which constitute the great charm of female character. I am convinced that the inferiority of the French ladies to the ladies of England in the attribute of modesty, is as much to be ascribed to the prevalence among them of paintings and statues without any drapery, as to the improper character of their modern works of fiction

The interior of the Louvre is fitted up in a style of splendour of which we have no examples in our public buildings. With the history of the edifice are associated many interesting recollections. It was for several centuries theresidence of the sovereigns of France. It was the favourite

abode of Louis the Eighteenth, whose state bed is still exhibited in it.

The PALACE of VERSAILLES is another public building which it would be unpardonable to omit to notice, in a work devoted to Paris. Though about ten or twelve miles from Paris, it is considered as much a part of that city as if it were situated in its very centre. It is the most magnificent place of its kind in the world. The entrance to it is one of the most imposing that can be conceived. As the visitor approaches the grand entrance to the building, his mind is overwhelmed by the grandeur of the scene. Language fails when the attempt is made to describe it. Ask the visitor whether he most admires the situation, the building itself, or the manner in which the adjoining grounds are laid out, and he will return you no answer. He is so overpowered with amazement and admiration as to be divested for the moment of the capability of giving expression to his thoughts and

feelings. Nor is he disappointed as he enters the interior. All is splendour there. Every succeeding apartment he visits only seems to possess new objects to call forth his admiration. The palace is devoted to the exhibition of paintings, busts, and statues, and medals and coins. The picture galleries are divided into two classes —portraits and historical pictures. The former comprise all the Kings of France from Pharamond down to Louis Philippe,—all the Grand Admirals of France, and all her Constables, Marshals, and celebrated Warriors. The historical pictures are mostly representations of all the battles, naval as well as military, in which the arms of France have been triumphant, from the earliest period of her history of which there exists any authentic records. These pictures of engagements with the enemies of France profess to be representations of great battles only, but many of them cannot, with propriety, be classed in the category of great battles. A considerable number of the military and naval engagements

thus commemorated are so insignificant as to be otherwise unknown to the majority even of intelligent Frenchmen. The portrait of Napoleon as large as life, is to be seen at least eighty or a hundred times in the Palace of Versailles. The number of pictures is immense: but no one whom I met with when there, could give me any idea of it. The collection is undoubtedly much larger than the collection at Hampton Court; but the latter, I should conceive to be by far the more valuable collection of the two.

The statuary department of the Palace of Versailles, contains the most extensive and the most valuable collection of the kind in the world. There is not a man of any eminence in French history, whether in arms, art, science, poetry, philosophy, or general literature, whose memory is not perpetuated by a bust or statue in this splendid Palace. To me this department of the building was the most interesting and attractive. To examine it alone, with any care, would require a whole day; to get a proper sight

of the entire building, would require at least a full week. To walk through the various apartments at a slow rate, so as to bestow a passing glance on the various objects which attract attention,—not less than four hours will suffice.

The Palace of Versailles is not much more than two hundred years old. The site was originally selected by Louis the Thirteenth, for a chateau. His son, the celebrated Louis the Fourteenth, built the Palace, but very large additions have been made to it at different times. From first to last it is supposed that upwards of £60,000,000. have been expended on it. It was for about a century and a half the principal residence of the monarchs of France. But no sovereign of that country has slept in it since the night that Louis the Sixteenth was disturbed in his bed by the populace, shortly before his falling a victim to revolutionary fury. So many and interesting are the historical incidents associated with the Palace of Versailles, that a series of the most

instructive and entertaining volumes might be written on the subject.

The MADELINE, at the foot of the Boulevards, is the most imposing modern specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in the world. It was founded by order of Louis the Fifteenth in 1764, and the works were continued till 1789, when the breaking out of the revolution put a stop to them. The building was suffered to remain in its unfinished state till 1808, when Napoleon formed the idea of converting it into a Temple of Glory, to be dedicated to the Grand Army. The entire edifice was then taken down, and the building, in its present form, which is that of a Roman temple, begun. The progress of the building was, however, once more suspended by the occurrences of 1813. In 1816, Louis the Eighteenth ordered that it should be re-commenced, and that when completed it should be dedicated to the Madeline. The building has now been several years completed, and is daily open as a church. It is surrounded by fifty-two

Corinthian pillars, sixty feet in height, and six feet in diameter. The entrance to it is perhaps the most imposing of any ecclesiastical edifice built within the last two centuries. Its interior decorations are equal to the magnificence of its exterior. The statuary, the paintings, the altar, the organ, in fine the whole interior, far surpass anything ever seen in a place of worship. Its very splendour renders it unsuitable for divine worship. There is so much to attract the attention and gratify the eye, that it is next to impossible the mind can be properly exercised while in it. Were it open only as an exhibition, people would visit it in crowds, and cheerfully pay any price for their admission.

NOTRE DAME, which is about a mile and a half, in a south-east direction from the Madeline, is one of the finest specimens of ancient ecclesiastical architecture to be met with in Europe. It is a Cathedral church. Its antiquity is unknown. Some have fancied that a Christian church was erected on the same spot,

though not of course the edifice now existing, at so remote a date as the close of the fourth century. The present structure is generally believed to have been begun in the year 1000. The works, however, were interrupted for a long period,—some think for more than a century and a half. The first person said to have officiated in the church was Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who visited Paris for the purpose of stirring up France to engage in the third crusade. This was in 1185, but additions were occasionally made to the building three centuries afterwards. Its immense size, not less than the magnificence of its architecture, fills the mind with amazement and admiration. Its length inside is 392 feet; its width at the transepts is 144; and the height of its vaulting 102. The quantity of lead on its roof is understood to exceed 420,000lbs. The place railed off for the altar is larger than our middle-sized churches in London. The organ is singularly fine and powerful in its tones, and of immense size. Its height is

forty-five feet, and its breadth thirty-six. It contains the extraordinary number of 3,484 pipes. The style of the architecture of the church, both outside and inside, is exquisitely rich,—so very exquisite that no description could give an adequate idea of it.

PERE-LA-CHAISE, the celebrated cemetry—by far the most celebrated in the world—is one of those places which no stranger in Paris fails to visit. Its locality is on the slope of a hill, in the north-east suburbs of the town. It was consecrated to its present purpose in 1804. It is the largest burial-ground in the civilized world. Its extent is nearly 100 acres, enclosed by a substantial wall, nine or ten feet in height. A more picturesque spot could not have been chosen; and the natural beauty of the situation is much enhanced by the singular taste with which the whole of the grounds are laid out. Its rich, abundant, and variegated verdure gives to it an aspect of surpassing loveliness, which is greatly heightened by the diversified forms of

the various monuments scattered in the most ample profusion throughout the place. Pyramids, obelisks, temples, sepulchral chapels, and burying vaults, are among the forms which these memorials to departed friends most frequently assume. Columns, altars, urns, are also exceedingly common. So numerous, indeed, are the erections to the memory of beloved friends and relatives, that you could not point out a single yard in the whole place which cannot boast of some erection or other intended to perpetuate the remembrance of those who were near and dear to surviving relatives. In most of the tombs are placed chaplets of flowers, in token of the deep affection with which the memory of departed friends is regarded by those they have left behind. Strewing flowers on the graves of those we love, is considered, in England, to be nothing more than a mere poetical flourish,—a phrase very often used by sentimental writers, but of which an illustration is never to be witnessed. It is

otherwise in France. There it is the custom to cover the graves of departed relatives with wreaths of flowers: not the flowers of Nature's workmanship,—for they would too soon fade away, and be seen no more,—but artificial flowers, which last for a long period. And when they wither, and cease to prove any longer emblematical of the flowers of the field, their place is supplied by fresh wreaths. You hardly see a monument of any kind in Pere-la-Chaise, which is not adorned by one or more chaplets of flowers. A number of persons earn a living by making these wreaths, and others gain a livelihood by selling them at the entrance into the cemetery.

It may seem a strange expression, when speaking of any place appointed for the reception of the dead, to say that it is a lovely place; and yet never was the term more properly applied, than it is when used in reference to Pere-la-Chaise. A more beautiful spot than that celebrated cemetery, was never looked on

by human eye. Nor is the beauty of the scene confined to Pere-la-Chaise itself; the scenery for many miles around is singularly varied and charming. From no spot do you get so delightful a view of Paris. How unlike a place of the dead does this cemetery appear. There is nothing anywhere to offend the eye; nothing even to sadden the mind; unless the mere knowledge of the fact, that you are treading on the graves of your fellow-creatures should have that effect. Even death itself, the most repulsive object in the world; the event from which human nature instinctively recoils; even it is clothed in an attractive garb, when seen from Pere-la-Chaise. As you wander among its beautifully decorated tombs, and inhale the fragrance emitted by its numerous groves of acacia trees, and by its shrubs and flowers; as you gaze on the varied verdure which everywhere meets the eye; see in every tomb, or beside every grave, the artificial chaplets which the hand of affection has deposited there; read on the stones the in-

scriptions which the love of sorrowing survivors has dictated,—as you feel and witness all this, you not only wish that, when your latter end has come, the lovely spot may be chosen for your resting place, but you could almost feel reconciled to the event were your earthly existence to close immediately.

Pere-la-Chaise has been long inconveniently full of graves; and but for the circumstance that those of the poorer class of persons may, with safety, after the lapse of five years, be opened to admit others, the work of interment must have ceased there long before now. But though only a period of five years is allowed for a certain class of graves, any person may purchase the right to the undisturbed possession of a resting-place for a deceased friend, for a period of years; or he may, if he wishes it, purchase that right in perpetuity. To show to what an extent the work of interment has taken place in Pere-la-Chaise, I may mention, that the number of tombs in it exceeds 13,000,

which have been erected at an expense of more than £4,000,000 sterling.

Pere-la-Chaise is not the burying-ground of Paris generally. It is confined to those who die in certain districts of the place,—except in those instances in which the ground is purchased in perpetuity. The arrondissements whose dead are buried in this cemetery, are the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth.

There are few places in the world in which a greater number of distinguished persons are interred. But the most interesting, and most picturesque of all the tombs, is that of the celebrated lovers, Abelard and Heloisa. Among the men of science who are buried here, is Laplace, the celebrated astronomer. Among the literary characters of distinction, are Moliere, and St. Pierre, the author of "Paul and Virginia." Baron Denon, the distinguished traveller; Talma, the unequalled tragedian; Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist; Benjamin Constant; General Foy; Marshal Ney; and a host

of others, whose reputation is European, are interred in Pere-la-Chaise.

The GARDEN OF PLANTS lies about two miles, in a southern direction, from Pere-la-Chaise. It is very extensive; and from the variety of plants it contains, is a place of great interest to the lovers of flowers. It is laid out with much taste, and is one of the most pleasant places that could be desired, in which to spend a few hours on a summer's afternoon or evening. But the place does not appear to derive so much of its attractiveness from its botanical riches, as from its menagerie and its museum. If, indeed, what I saw when there—and it was in the finest weather with which we were favoured during the last summer—afforded a fair specimen of the comparative interest excited by the gardens and the menagerie and museum, I should say, that for one person whom the "plants" attract, twenty are drawn thither by the museum and menagerie. The museum consists of stuffed specimens of the various tribes of the

irrational creation,—of medals, pebbles, and the various other objects of interest to be met with in our British Museum. The only national museum the French have, is that in the Garden of Plants; but I should say, that in point both of extent, variety, and value, ours is ten times superior to it. And yet the latter is an object of very great attraction to the Parisians. It is always crowded with wondering and admiring visitors. In the short space of an hour, I one day saw at least from 4000 to 5000 persons in it; and one of the keepers told me that it is not at all an uncommon thing for from 25,000 to 30,000 people to visit it in one day. The menagerie contains a very large and valuable collection of animals from all countries in the world, and is an object of very great attraction both to Parisians and to visitors.

I have thus glanced—and nothing more than glanced—at some of the most interesting places to a stranger who visits the French capital. There are a great many others, the names of

which he will learn at the hotel at which he puts up. Among the places which no one ought to omit, are the Legislative Chambers, the Palace of the Fine Arts, the Hotel de Ville, the Pantheon, the Gobelins, and the various other places indicated in different parts of this work.

The stranger has this inducement to visit the interesting places in Paris, that in every instance he is sure of the greatest civility,—which is more than can be said respecting some of our interesting places. In Paris, I should further mention, all the more attractive places can be visited free of expense; and in the few others where a franc or half-franc is expected, it is only in the shape of a gratuity to the keeper, he receiving no other pay than what comes to him in this way.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

Character of the Journals—Origin of Newspapers—The Moniteur—The Constitutionnel—The Journal des Debats—The Gazette de France—The Courrier Francaise—The National—The Presse—The Siecle, &c.—Miscellaneous details and remarks.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS of all civilized countries is one of the most important subjects to which a foreigner, anxious to comprehend the character, and appreciate the institutions of a people, could direct his attention. But there is a peculiar interest attached to the journalism of France. In this and most other free countries, the newspaper press carefully calculates

the probabilities as to what direction popular opinion is likely to take, in reference to particular questions, and then prepares to go along with the current. In France it is otherwise. The journalist there bestows not a thought on what the opinions of the public on any great question are, or will be. He chalks out his own course, and has always so much faith in the omnipotence of what appears to him to be right and truth, that he feels assured popular opinion will not long lag behind him.

A Parisian editor *has* political principles; and having them, feels that he is bound, by every sacred and social consideration, to act conscientiously and boldly in reference to their assertion. There are, no doubt, exceptions to the rule; but as a whole, the Parisian press is honestly as well as ably conducted. Hence, I am persuaded, we are in a great measure to account for the spirit, the energy, and the talent, which characterise the political department of the principal Parisian papers. The articles in the French

press are not merely from the pen of the writers: they proceed from the writer's *heart*. Hence, also, the mighty influence which the Parisian journals, when animated by a unity of purpose, exercise on the public mind. To them belongs the glory of *creating* public opinion, and of guiding and directing it when once called into being. In this country we have no idea, and can have none, of the power of the press in France. The opinions of the editor of any particular journal, to which a party is in the habit of giving a preference, are looked up to every morning with as great a reverence as was accorded to the voice of the oracle of old, when that oracle condescended to speak. Here, a Ministry can disregard with impunity—at least for a season—the constant assaults of nearly the entire newspaper press. Not so in France. The Cabinets of that country know that their fate is usually in the hands of the leading journalists; and hence the great efforts they make to conciliate the principal editors. Go-

vernments in France not only fear the press, but tremble when they apprehend its special hostility to any measure they mean to bring forward. This accounts for the notorious fact—a fact, indeed, which has never been denied—that the most talented men in the Cabinet of France, habitually write in the public journals for the purpose of neutralising the attacks of hostile papers.

The period at which newspapers first began to be published in France, has been, and is likely to be, as much a matter of dispute, as the date at which they were commenced in England. I have paid some attention to the subject, and my opinion is, that France had the start of us in newspaper publication, by twenty or thirty years. It is a somewhat singular coincidence, that the first political journals in both countries appeared under the head of Mercury,—the proprietor of the French journal, which, I need not say, was published in Paris, having christened it "Le Mercure de France," and the origina-

tors of the first English newpaper having called it "The English Mercurie." The former appeared in the reign of Henry the Fourth, within two or three years of the commencement of the seventeenth century: the latter was established in the reign of Charles the First. "Le Mercure de France" continued, with various changes of form and politics, and under many alterations of title, to be published until the revolution of 1792,—thus attaining the extraordinary, and, I believe, unprecedented age of nearly two hundred years. The paper in this country which can boast of the most protracted existence is "The Caledonian Mercury." Over its head have swept the storms and tempests of more than a century and a half, and yet it exhibits no symptoms of decay. It has, on the contrary, vigour and vitality of youth, and gives every ground to believe, that it has yet a long and useful life before it.

The only two journals in France which can boast of an existence of more than half a century,

are "The Moniteur," and "The Quotidienne." The Moniteur was established in 1789, the year in which the revolution broke out. It is and always has been the official newspaper. In it are first published all the Government papers and statistical documents relative to the affairs and finances of France. It is expected to give, as nearly as may be, verbatim reports of the speeches in the Chamber of Deputies, of the leading members of the Government. The amount of space required for this renders it necessary that it should be a journal of more than the usual size. It is the largest newspaper in France, and yet is not larger than our London "Courier" was, before its extinction. "The Globe,"—the London Globe, I mean—is, I should think, fully a third larger in its dimensions than "The Moniteur," and contains, I am convinced, a proportionally greater quantity of matter. "The Moniteur" does not contain any original writing, nor take any part even indirectly in politics: if it did, it could not continue the official paper

amid the frequent changes which take place in the composition of the Cabinets of France. Its circulation, as compared with that of several of its contemporaries, is limited. It does not exceed 1800 per day,—an amount of sale insufficient to pay the expenses; but its existence does not depend on its sale. A large sum is yearly allowed by Government to the proprietors. It is the highest priced paper in Paris. The charge per annum is 120 francs, or, for a single copy, eight sous, which is equivalent to our fourpence.

"The Constitutionnel" had at one time the largest circulation of any newspaper in France. It has never been below 12,000 copies daily, and in exciting times approached 18,000. It was established immediately after the restoration, by the late Benjamin Constant, who was for many years one of the most popular journalists in Europe. It is the best newspaper property in France. It may be doubted whether, with the exception of "The Times," any other daily

paper in Europe yields the same revenue to the proprietors. Like most of the principal journals in Paris, it is the property of a joint stock company. I do not know the number of shares into which it is divided, but some idea of the value of the property may be learnt from the fact that each share, originally issued at 5000 francs, would now bring thirty times the sum, or 150,000 francs. In 1830, a 5000 francs share was worth 250,000 francs. Many of the master spirits of France have been stated contributors to "The Constitutionnel." Of late years it has been the organ of M. Thiers, who is still understood to be a frequent contributor to its columns. The political opinions it advocates, are those which are known in this country as lying between extreme radicalism and whiggery. It addresses itself to the mass of the smaller class of bourgeois, on whose minds it exercises an influence of which we have no example in this country.

"The Journal des Debats," was established on the accession of Bonaparte to the supreme authority in the state. It started into a large circulation and acquired considerable influence immediately on its establishment. Its earliest contributors were men of great talent, and perhaps still greater celebrity. Its politics have undergone considerable modifications at different times, but it has for some years past advocated liberal opinions. At present it is a thorough-going ministerialist. It has always been remarkable for the pith and pungency of its political writings, and notwithstanding the advanced age of its responsible editor, M. Bertin, is still conducted with first-rate talent. In point of circulation it contests the palm with "The Constitutionnel." Its average sale, for three or four years in succession, has been, in round numbers, 10,000 copies daily. The most distinguished writer at present connected with this journal, is M. Jules Janin. He does not,

however, take any part in the political conduct of the paper. He confines his writings to the *Feuilleton*, a most lively and amusing though strange medley of light literature, theatrical criticism, musical criticism, and things in general. His contributions only appear weekly (on Monday), when they are read with a devouring avidity by all classes of the community. Persons in the middle ranks of life would not, indeed, feel in a proper frame of mind for attending to their ordinary avocations, without having perused every word of Jules Janin's *Feuilleton*. Authors, actors, actresses, and in fine, every body whose pursuits come within the range of Jules Janin's criticism, look forward to Monday morning with fear and trembling; for when he does lay on the lash, he applies it with a vigour which is truly frightful. I have heard various sums mentioned as the terms which he receives for his hebdomadal labours in "The Journal des Debats," but I cannot rely on any of the statements made to me. All that is known on

the subject is that he is paid at a very high rate of remuneration.

"The Journal des Debats" changed its title during the advent of the Imperial Government into that of "The Journal de l'Empire." The sale of the paper was at that time the highest ever attained by any European daily paper, having been about 20,000 copies every morning. A series of brilliant theatrical criticisms, written by a priest named Geoffeory, was the cause of this extraordinary prosperity. On the Restoration, it resumed its original title, "The Journal des Debats." At the period referred to, it was enriched by the contributions of some of the most distinguished men in France. M. de Chauteaubriand and Malte Brun were among its regular contributors.

"The Gazette de France" was established in 1821. It is conducted with great talent, and has been under the editorial management of Abbe de Ginoude, since the year 1822. It is principally, if not solely, the property of that

priest. It has always been an ultra Royalist in its principles, but for the reasons I have mentioned in my chapter in the first volume, on "The State of Public Opinion," has, for some time, been a zealous advocate of universal suffrage. Its circulation in 1832 was from 12,000 to 14,000 copies; but lately it has not been more than from 7000 to 8000.

"The National" was started in 1829, for the express purpose of destroying the Polignac Ministry, and overthrowing the dynasty of Charles the Tenth. It had the gratification of seeing the accomplishment of both objects before it had been a year in existence. It had the further gratification of knowing that it had contributed in a very great measure to bring about the revolution which proved fatal to the sovereignty of the Bourbons. It is generally believed, though I am not aware the fact has ever been clearly ascertained, that Prince Talleyrand and M. Laffitte, were the parties who supplied the funds wherewith to start the paper. M.

Thiers and M. Mignet, both of whom had been previously connected with "The Constitutionnel," were the first editors of "The National." When Armand Carrel was entrusted with the editorship, the paper rapidly rose both in character and circulation. At present it is under the management of several of the ablest of the Republican writers in France. The property is held in shares; but it is not a profitable speculation, considered in a pecuniary point of view. One of the principal proprietors mentioned to me that he has never received any interest on the money which he paid for his shares. Profit, however, is not the object of those who are connected with "The National." What they are most concerned about, is the propagation of Republican principles. The contributors are honest and ardent men,—just the persons to distinguish themselves in more ways than one, should another crisis chance to occur. The circulation of "The National" is about 4,000 daily.

"The Presse" was started in 1836, by M. Emilede Girardin, the gentleman who killed Armand Carrel in a duel, a few years ago. "The Presse" was established on the cheap principle, trusting for its success—as several new weekly journals are now doing in London—to the circumstance of its containing as much matter as the generality of the other journals, though sold at half the price. It has seriously injured several of the other papers; but whether it has ever paid its expenses, is a point on which I am not able to give information.

"The Siecle" is another of the cheap daily papers,—the price, like that of "The Presse," being only half the general price of the Parisian journals. It is the organ of M. Odillon Barrot, the celebrated member of the Chamber of Deputies. The circulation is very large,—some say larger than that of any other paper in France. Whether the statement be correct or not, I cannot tell, not having been able to procure information that could be depended on, as

to the comparative circulation of the Parisian journals at the present moment.

There are several other daily papers in Paris, which enjoy a respectable circulation, and exercise considerable influence on the public mind; but to these it is not necessary I should refer in detail. "The Quotidienne" was established on the outbreaking of the Revolution of 1792. It is far more ultra in its Legitimacy than "The Gazette de France." With it the nobility of the old dynasty are everything: the people nothing. It is infinitely more aristocratic than even our "Morning Post." The "Post" now and then speaks respectfully of the people—"The Quotidienne" never. The staple of its leading articles consists of perpetual sneers at the people. It may be doubted whether it would consent to pay a few compliments to them, even were the restoration of the Bourbons to be purchased at so cheap a rate. Its circulation is large, being upwards of 6000 daily.

"The Courrier Francais," which was established in 1815, a year so memorable in European as well as in French history, is remarkable for its consistency. There is no journal in Paris, of equally long standing, which can boast of the same honest and undeviating adherence to principle. It has opposed every successive Ministry since its establishment down to the present time. M. Odillon Barrot and M. Guizot were both understood, a few years ago, to be regular contributors to its columns. Its sale is about the same as that of "The Quotidienne."

It is difficult to say what is the exact number of daily political journals in Paris, owing to the circumstance of several small ones being published chiefly as advertising mediums, and yet claiming to be considered political papers of respectability. I should fix the number of respectable political journals at fifteen, of which all are morning papers, except two or three. The entire daily circulation of the Parisian

press, including the smaller and least important papers, is estimated at 85,000, being nearly twice as great as the circulation of the daily press of London. It must be remembered, however, that our journals are nearly three times as dear as those of Paris. With one or two exceptions, the price, taken by the quarter, is three sous (three halfpence), and a fraction. What, too, contributes largely to the circulation of the Parisian papers, is the circumstance of there being no weekly political journals. The daily papers are all published on Sunday, but there are no political papers published only on Sunday. Here there are, at this moment, about twenty weekly papers, whose united circulation amounts to about 250,000 copies, which, if divided by six, would give a daily circulation of more than 40,000 copies. And if our weekly circulation of newspapers be added to the 45,000 of our daily circulation, it would make the daily circulation of London papers exactly the same as that of the Paris papers. In other words,

there are actually as many newspapers printed in London as in Paris, though the population of France be a fourth greater than that of this country. If, again, regard be had to the provincial press of the two countries, it will be found that we are a much more reading people, in reference to newspapers, than the French. We have about 380 provincial journals, enjoying an aggregate circulation of 400,000 copies weekly; while France has only about 160 provincial papers, whose united circulation does not exceed 200,000 copies weekly.

All the leading Parisian papers have their Feuilleton,—in some instances embracing everything of a light and agreeable nature, in the shape of criticisms on books, plays, actors, works of art, &c.; but more frequently consisting of a tale or work, appearing at short intervals, and continuing for a lengthened period. "The Mysteries of Paris," which has lately excited so much interest, and which is now republished in twelve volumes, originally appeared, piecemeal,

in one of the Paris journals. This department of the paper, when the writer is popular, is the most attractive of any, to the mass of readers. About a fourth part of the paper is usually devoted to the Feuilleton.

I intended to have given a list of the more eminent men who have been, or are, more or less intimately connected with the newspaper press of Paris; but, on second thoughts, it appears unnecessary, as I should only, in that case, have to run over the the names of all the distinguished men whom France has produced in the present century. It would certainly be impossible to name a dozen, who have not been frequent contributors to the newspaper press. Distinguished men in France deem it no discredit to have their connection with newspapers known. On the contrary, they glory in it. It adds to their importance: it increases and extends their celebrity. Indeed, it was at one time not uncommon for the leading political writers in the Paris papers, to adhibit their

names to their articles. There are some who still do it, though comparatively few. Here, a man of rank, or even a distinguished author, would feel ashamed, as if he had been guilty of some dishonourable act, were he to be known as a regular newspaper writer.

No class of professional men occupy so high a place in French society as public journalists. They are the associates of nobles, ministers, and statesmen of the highest order. There is hardly, indeed, a single man of eminence in the Ministry, or in the Chamber of Deputies, who has not himself been a newspaper writer. Several of those whom Louis Philippe, a few years ago, raised to the Peerage, were public journalists. The transition from the editorial sanctum to the Chamber of Peers, is not an event of such rare occurrence, as to excite the wonder of the Parisians when it does happen. The appointment of newspaper editors to the highest, most honourable, and most lucrative situations in the State, is a matter of constant occurrence. How

different, in this respect, the state of things in France and England !

The newspaper press of Paris bears no resemblance in any one particular to the journals of London. The Parisian papers are exceedingly limited in their dimensions. The average size does not exceed a single leaf of "The Morning Post" were it formed into four pages; while in the quantity of matter the disproportion is still greater. I am speaking within limits when I say that there is more matter in a single page of the ordinary sheet of "The Morning Chronicle" than there is in all the four pages of those Parisian papers which are of the general size. The type of the French journals is, for the most part, large and open. It is usually of the size employed in the leading articles of our daily papers.

The literary establishment of the Paris journals is small, and is attended with little expense compared with the expense of the daily papers in London. In the former, there are usually only two persons who can with any propriety

be considered as belonging to the editorial department. One is the conducting editor, and the other is a sort of sub-editor, whose duty it is to select and abridge articles of intelligence. Connected with all the morning journals in London, there are several editors and assistant editors. In the article of reporting again, the disparity between the Parisian and London newspaper establishment is still greater. "The Times" alone has its twenty reporters, for whose professional exertions it pays a very large amount; whereas, with the exception of "The Moniteur" (the official journal), none of the Paris papers have more than four or five reporters, and the majority of them only three. I am satisfied that "The Times" alone pays as much for reporting, as all the other Parisian papers, exclusive of "The Moniteur," put together.

There is one class of persons connected with the London press who may be said to be unknown in Paris. I allude to the penny-a-liners,

There are from twenty to thirty such persons in this metropolis who earn a precarious livelihood by sending accounts of all accidents, inquests, &c. to the various morning papers, and who are paid at rates varying from one penny to three-half-pence per line, for all the matter that is inserted. The bills of these penny-a-liners, who, I must remark, have no special connection with any one establishment, but send their copy manifolded to all, constitute a considerable item in the weekly expenditure of the morning papers. I have known instances in which as much as £50 per week has been paid to these persons by one paper. The Parisian journals know nothing of such individuals, and consequently nothing of the expense of which I am speaking.

Every person who has seen a French paper, must have been surprised at the fewness of the advertisements. The fact is, that the French are not an advertising people. You will find as many advertisements in a single

column of "The Times," as you will in the whole of a Parisian journal. The Paris papers charge high for their advertisements. The general rule of payment is a franc per line. The advertisements in the Paris journals are mostly displayed in large type,—and often have quite the appearance of a hand-bill. They generally extend over two or more columns, and sometimes over the whole page. Advertisements of this kind are charged by measurement. I have heard many persons express their surprise that when there are so few advertisements in the French journals, the proprietors do not endeavour to increase their number, by reducing their prices. Those who make this remark, forget that the space in the Parisian papers being so very limited, it is desirable that it should be economised as much as possible. Accordingly, the proprietors have no wish to make a display of advertisements unless they are liberally paid for them.

In Paris there is no such class of persons as

the newsmen of London. Single papers, indeed, are seldom sold. If you wish to procure a copy of any particular paper, you have often to pay double for it. The French expect those who send in their names as subscribers to continue the paper for at least a quarter. The proprietors make an arrangement with a company established for the purpose of delivering newspapers and small packages, to deliver the papers free of expense at the houses of the subscribers.

I ought not to conclude my notice of the French press without bestowing a few words on "Galignani's Messenger." This journal, as most of my readers will be aware, is printed in English, and addressed exclusively to the English. It has no original writing of its own, but gives the leading articles from the London press. It is very carefully and skilfully conducted, and is among the best newspaper properties in Paris. Its circulation is nearly 5000 copies daily, and it has a larger share of advertisements than any

other paper in France. I have heard its annual receipts estimated at from £4000 to £5000, and I am inclined to think the estimate is not an exaggerated one.

CHAPTER XI.

LITERATURE—LITERARY MEN—PUBLISHING.

Paris the patron and abode of literature—Works of fiction—Historical works—Literature generally—Literary men—Jules Janin—The publishing trade.

PARIS has long been celebrated for its literature and literary men. It merits the celebrity it enjoys. Amidst all its frivolity, fickleness, and gaiety, literature and science have always flourished better in it than in any other capital in the world. Neither is there any other place in which the same homage is rendered to men who have raised themselves to distinction by their own

intellectual energies. Literary men are held in the highest estimation in Paris. Their society is courted by the higher classes, and they are always spoken of with respect by the mass of the people.

Paris can at this moment boast of being the chosen residence of a host of eminent men. There is no department of literature or of science, which is not adorned by one or more of the present population of that city. The prevailing literature of Paris, however, is undoubtedly that which is generally known by the name of light literature. Victor Hugo, Balzac, Eugene Sue, George Sand, Jules Janin, and various other names which I need not mention, are not only among the most generally known in the current literature of France, but their works, which all belong to the department of light literature, have a much more extensive sale than those of any of their contemporary writers. Most of the Parisian authors of works of fiction, first publish them in the newspapers or periodi-

cals, and afterwards in separate volumes. The novels of France are not, like ours, limited to any number of volumes. The orthodox three volumes, from which there must be no deviation among the novelists of England, are unknown in France. Neither is it common to publish more than one volume at a time. The practice among the novelists of France, is to publish the first volume of any work on which they are engaged, after as much of it has appeared in the newspaper or periodical, as will make a volume. The author then goes on in the newspaper or periodical with his story, until he has written as much as will make another volume, which forthwith comes out as volume second. How far he will proceed with his work, is a matter usually made to depend on the reception it meets with. If it be well received, he resolves to go on until he finds that his countrymen are beginning to tire of it, and then he forthwith determines on bringing it, with all convenient speed, to a conclusion. What will the English reader think

when he is told of a work of fiction extending to twelve volumes, each of them containing more matter than one of our post octavo volumes? Yet such things happen in France. An instance has occurred within the last two months. "The Mysteries of Paris," by Eugene Sue, after having appeared in "The Journal des Debats," has been re-published in twelve pocket volumes. A larger edition, the size of our octavo volume, has been published, extending to nine or ten volumes,—I do not remember which.

But though the field of light literature be more extensively cultivated, than any other department of authorship, the other departments of literature are not neglected. Among the useful branches of study to which great attention is paid, the department of history stands prominently before us. More attention is, at the present time, paid, in Paris, to historical subjects, than is paid to them in any other place in the world. Courses of lectures have

lately been given in the French Institute on historical subjects, by Michelet and other celebrated writers on history. The large hall of the building was nightly crowded with attentive and admiring auditors. These lectures were open to all, the lecturer being paid by the State. A prize is yearly given at the Institute, for the best essay on some historical subject. So great and general, indeed, is the taste for historical information, which has been recently created in the minds of the Parisians, that the leading periodical in France—I mean "The Revue des Deux Mondes," (Review of the Two Worlds)—scarcely ever brings out a number in which there is not a learned and elaborate paper on some historical subject. Historical books, too, next to those of fiction, have the greatest sale of any books of modern production, in France.

The French have of late years devoted much attention to statistics. There is not only a Statistical Society, but a special department in

the office of the Minister of the Interior for statistical purposes. And yet there is a grievous difficulty in getting any statistical information respecting Paris itself. The statistical returns almost invariably embrace the various departments into which France is divided; hence, though there is no difficulty in getting information respecting any particular department, there is a very great difficulty in getting authentic information respecting any particular town in a department.

The French in some instances carry their love of statistics to a ludicrous extent. Three months have not elapsed since one of their statisticians actually took a census of all the rats in Paris! Their number he returns at 2,345,846. His object, he says, in making the return, is that certain means which he proposes for their extirpation, should be adopted.

Into the comparative extent to which the various other departments of literature are cultivated, I need not enter in this part of the

chapter, as I shall afterwards have occasion to give the average number of books, in the various departments of literature, which are published in Paris during the year.

The species of literature which is in a state of greatest depression, is poetry. It is quite as badly off in France as in this country. And worse than that it could hardly be. The very mention of modern poetry, excites a feeling of ridicule. No man who is desirous of enjoying the respect of his fellow-men, will avow himself to be a writer of poetry. That would be indeed, to confess himself guilty of an act of surpassing folly. It is curious enough, that ever since the death of Byron, no man has published poetical volumes, either here or abroad, which have even made an advance towards rescuing our day and generation from the imputation of being wholly destitute of the elements of true poetry. It seems as if the spirit of Poetry had taken its flight from our earthly sphere and returned to those celestial regions, which illus-

trious poets of all ages and nations of the world have concurred in representing as her birth-place and only home.

Periodical literature does not flourish in France. There are very few magazines and reviews of the higher class. The French have no giants in periodical literature, like our "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews. Even their monthlies are few in number, and of very inferior merit, when compared with ours. The circumstance of the newspapers devoting so much of their space to light literature satisfactorily accounts for this. The periodical of greatest note and influence, is, as I stated a few minutes ago, "The Review of the Two Worlds." It is conducted on a somewhat similar plan to that of our "Monthly Review" in its better days. Among the contributors are to be found the names of some of the most distinguished authors of the day. The celebrated and eccentric George Sand, the name assumed by Madame Dudevant, is one of the most frequent

writers in its pages. All the papers on English literature which appear in this periodical are from the pen of M. Cheasles, so well and favourably known not only as a professor of English literature in the University of Paris, but as a lecturer on the character, genius, and writings of Shakspeare. The average rate of remuneration for contributions to this periodical, is 150 francs, or six guineas per sheet, but distinguished writers are paid at a much higher rate.

Literary men in Paris are, like literary men everywhere, remarkable for their improvidence. A few of them save a portion of their earnings, but the majority spend their money as fast as they get it. One of the most popular of the present French novelists, makes it a rule to live like a Prince, indulging in all manner of luxury, so long as the money which his publisher has given him, lasts; and when that is gone, he is at once reduced to a state of actual want. About four months of the year are spent in the former state, and the remaining eight in the lat-

ter condition. I am acquainted with similar cases in London, but not with any such case where the author earns so much money, or holds so high a rank in the literary world. The French writer to whom I allude, is not only celebrated in his own country, but has long enjoyed a distinguished European literary reputation.

The jealousies, rivalries, and quarrels of authors are proverbial. The literary men of Paris form no exception to the rule. On the contrary, they furnish as striking an illustration of the truth of the proverb as possibly could be afforded. Among the literary men of London some show of decency is kept up, when they fall out. It is true, they say the most bitter and cutting things of each other, but they always express themselves in a manner which accords with the views of decency which are current in society. It is otherwise in France. They apply to each other epithets of the coarsest kind, epithets which would not be tolerated in private society in England, and which, if uttered to a man, even though no

third party were present, would be resented on Blackheath, or Wimbledon Common. Some of the best of our French authors descend, in their quarrels with each other, to a species of abuse, which even the lowest of the American newspapers could not surpass. A remarkable instance of this was given a few months ago, in a quarrel between Jules Janin and Alexandre Dumas. The Parisians took as deep an interest in the literary fracas, as if the destinies of their country had been involved in the issue.

And here I may mention, that Jules Janin is the most popular critic in France. He is also, I should add, the most severe. His criticisms are very capricious,—the result of a capricious mind. He will make an author or actor one day, and try to mar him the next. In some instances he has succeeded in destroying the work of his own hand; but more frequently he fails. An example of this was lately afforded in the case of Mademoiselle Rachel. It was Jules Janin that brought her into notice: a

single criticism of his, on her performance one evening at one of the theatres, raised her from the depths of obscurity to the summit of distinction. Some time afterwards she incurred his displeasure, and he tried to write her down. He did not succeed. She is still as popular as she ever was.

And yet, though a severe critic, and a capricious man, I do not think there is anything constitutionally unkind about him. I met with him in Paris, and liked his manner exceedingly. He is in private what he appears in all his writings—a lively, pleasant, light-hearted man, with a great flow of animal spirits, and having all the appearance of one who is utterly indifferent as to what people think or say of him. When the servant ushered me into his room, I found him engaged in an active search through his library, for a book, and humming a song to himself, evidently to his very great delectation. He resides in apartments in a house nearly opposite the entrance to the Luxembourg Gar-

dens. The house, like most houses in Paris, is very high, and Jules Janin lives nearly at the top. I was quite out of breath before reaching the apartments of the critic.

Literary men, in Paris, are rather proverbial for giving a preference to apartments near the top of the house. And Jules Janin rejoices, I am told, in the fact of his rooms being on the fourth or fifth story,—I do not remember which. The walls of the apartment in which I found him, were nearly all covered with tapestry of the most beautiful kind, after the manner of the Cartoons of Raphael. Some of these Cartoons are, I have no doubt, of great value, though my knowledge of the fine arts is not sufficiently great to enable me to speak in positive terms on the subject.

The personal appearance of Jules Janin is very remarkable. Those who have seen him once will never forget him. He is rather, if anything, below the middle height, and very stoutly and compactly made. His complexion

is exceedingly dark,—quite as much so as that of the generality of Italians. His face is unusually full; and its expression, on the whole, is pleasing. He has a singularly fine forehead, which attracts attention the more readily, on account of the large quantity of jet-black hair, either brushed up, or naturally disposed to stand erect, with which it is surmounted. I have rarely seen a more quick or piercing eye. It is full of fire and intelligence. A patch of hair, which is never allowed to attain a greater growth than about a quarter of an inch, is always to be seen on the lower part of his chin. What may be the technical term, if there be one, for this fragment of a beard, I do not know. It is much larger than the tufts, or imperials, which we sometimes meet with in this country. I refer to it particularly, because I do not remember to have seen anything like it in Paris, and because it imparts a very peculiar expression to the critic's countenance. The appearance of Jules Janin forcibly reminded me of that of

Sir Charles Napier, the hero of St. Jean d'Acre,—only that Jules Janin is much the better formed man of the two, and possesses much more regular features. His age, judging from appearance, I should suppose to be about forty-five; but he may be a year or two older or younger. Though he reviews English books, which have never been translated into French, and cuts them up without mercy, he cannot talk nor read a word of English. He deeply regrets that he did not make himself acquainted with our language in early life. And as I was in pretty much the same predicament in reference to French, we should have looked very awkward when together, but for the presence of a third party who is acquainted with both languages.

I now proceed to make some statements and observations partly bearing on matters connected with the publishing and bookselling trade in the capital of France. The French books are never, when newly published, done up in boards or in cloth, as in this country. They have no other

protection than a thick wrapper, similar to that which encloses our periodicals, with the title page printed on it. Books are exceedingly cheap in France. Our three-volume works of fiction, which sell for £1 11s. 6d., would not occupy more than two of the average sized French volumes. The selling price of these French volumes is three francs two sous, or two shillings and eleven-pence of English money. A work therefore which in England would cost a guinea and a half, would cost no more in France than five shillings and ten-pence. All the works of Victor Hugo, Balzac, and the other popular novelists of France, sell at three francs and two sous each. Those in the bookselling trade, who take great quantities, like the wholesale houses in Paternoster Row, get their copies at two francs eight sous, or two shillings per volume. They again supply the retail trade with copies at two francs fifteen sous, or two shillings and three-pence half-penny each; and on the latter terms literary gentlemen

can procure any book they please,—they being considered, by a sort of fiction, persons in the trade. It will be observed, that the booksellers in Paris are allowed a much more liberal deduction from the price of new works, than is allowed to the same body in this country. In France they are allowed rather more than a third, or about thirty-five per cent. Here they are only allowed a fourth, or twenty-five per cent. Bookselling in Paris is much more profitable than in London on another account, namely, the much greater number of books sold in consequence of their much greater cheapness. The moderation of the charges for printing and paper in Paris, contributes considerably towards this cheapness. Printing and paper are a third cheaper than they are here. One thousand copies of the volume which the reader now holds in his hand, costs in England, paper included, £60: in Paris, with the same quality of paper and type, one thousand copies would not cost more than £40.

I made many inquiries when in Paris with the view of getting accurate statistical information respecting the number of copies which are sold of popular works; but I found that it is there as here: the sales of works of the same authors vary exceedingly. Some excite, on their appearance, very little interest, and consequently have a limited sale: others create a sensation, and sell with a rapidity of which we have few parallels in this country. The ordinary editions of popular authors, such as the novelists I have already named, consist of 2000, 2500, and 3000 copies, according to circumstances; but then second, third, fourth, and even fifth editions of 1000, or 2000 copies, frequently follow in rapid succession. Three editions of Michelet's "History of the Jesuits" have appeared within seven months,—the entire number sold in that space of time being from 6000 to 7000 copies. Of the "Mysteries of Paris," by Eugene Sue, if the Brussels editions be included, it is supposed

there have sold within the last two years, although the work, now that it is completed, extends to twelve volumes, not less than from 40,000 to 50,000 copies. Of illustrated works, such as M. Curmier's edition of "Paul and Virginia" published in parts, the sale is sometimes immense. M. Curmier, who is the most extensive and successful publisher of illustrated literature in France, mentioned to me, that there were instances of an elegantly and cheaply got up popular work of this description, attaining the extraordinary sale of from 80,000 to 100,000 copies. We have had no instance of an equally extensive sale in this country; and such instances even in France, I need not say, are so rare as to be considered an epoch in the trade.

It can scarcely be necessary to mention, that authors in France are not paid at the same rate for their works as successful writers are in England. The very low price at which books are sold in the former country, renders this impossible. The publisher, in London, who sells 750

copies of a three-volume work of fiction, makes as much profit by the sale, as the publisher in Paris, who sells 5000 copies of the same book, brought out in two volumes, at (to the trade) four francs sixteen sous, or four shillings of our money. A French author's profits, therefore, unless the sale of his work be very large, are not great from the separate publication of his books. His principal remuneration for his literary labours, is received from the proprietors of the newspapers, in which his works, in the first instance, appear. Hence we are to account for the fact of nearly all the more popular authors of France being employed in writing for the public journals of that country.

The pecuniary arrangements between authors and publishers, respecting the publication of the works of the former, are altogether different in France from those which exist in this country. Here, an author usually gets a certain sum for his book, and he has nothing more to do with the work. It is then the publisher's property. In France, the practice is for the

author to receive a certain sum for every thousand copies that are sold within a given period. That period varies, but is very often fixed at three years. If the writer be popular, and the period limited, he will get a larger sum than if it were more extended,—the publisher, in the former case, speculating on the probability of the work continuing to sell, after the author shall have ceased to have any claim to a portion of the proceeds. In some instances, authors stipulate for a perpetual interest in their works. After their death, the copyright remains in the family for thirty years.

Very little is known of English literature in France. We have a much more extensive knowledge of the authors of that country, than the French have of English authors. The name of Milton is known to the literati of France, but not one out of a hundred, even of literary men in that country, ever read any of his works. The three English authors, whose works are really read in France, are, Shakspeare, Byron,

and Sir Walter Scott. The Waverley Novels have had an immense sale in that country, and are exceedingly and universally admired. A better proof of their popularity could not be found, than is furnished in the fact, that even in boarding-schools Sir Walter's leading characters are often the subject of conversation among the young ladies. With regard to the popularity of Shakspeare and Byron, in France, I am in a condition to mention some interesting facts, having received them from M. Laroche, the translator of their works. In 1836-7, an edition of Byron's works, in four quarto volumes, translated by M. Laroche, was brought out by M. Charpentier, at forty-eight francs, or £1 18s. 4d. sterling. The edition, which was illustrated by engravings, consisted of 1500 copies, which were all disposed of in about twenty months. Another edition of the same translation was brought out in 1838, in one large volume, in double columns, at ten francs, or eight shillings and fourpence. This edition consisted of 1000

copies, and was exhausted in about ten months. In the following year, a second edition made its appearance. It consisted of 2500 copies. So rapidly did it sell, that, in 1840, another edition of the same translation, but in four 18mo. volumes, was put to press. This edition consisted of 3000 copies, and the price was fourteen francs, or ten shillings and five-pence. In 1841, another edition, in an octavo volume, in double columns, was brought out, of which the number printed was 1500: so that, in the short space of six years, we have thus a total sale of the works of Byron, of 9500 copies, in different forms and at different prices, but all expensive, considering the rate at which French works are usually sold. There was also, I ought to remark, another translation of Byron's works at the same time in the literary market, of which I am told (though I do not here speak so positively) there have been about 4500 copies sold. In that case, the total sale of Byron's works, in the French language, has been, in six years,

14,000 copies. If this be not popularity among foreigners, I should like to know what popularity is. The rate at which M. Laroche was remunerated for his labours, will be inferred from the terms agreed on in reference to the edition of four volumes, published at fourteen francs. M. Laroche received two francs for every copy sold, which was equal to 2000 francs, or £83, per 1000 copies.

With regard, again, to Shakspeare's popularity in France, if one were to judge from the comparative sale of the works of the two poets, he would infer that Shakspeare is not quite so great a favourite as Byron. I am not, however, sure that mere sale would, in this case, be a safe criterion; because the works of Shakspeare were well known and admired in France long before Byron was born: and consequently the attraction of novelty no longer attaches to them. M. Laroche's first translation of Shakspeare appeared in 1839-40. It was in two octavo volumes, and was illustrated by engravings.

The number of copies printed was 3000, and the price twenty-two francs, or seventeen shillings and sixpence. The edition was exhausted in 1842; and in the same year another edition, in seven volumes, made its appearance. It consisted of 1000 copies, the greater part of which had been sold in August last. The arrangement which M. Laroche made in the case of Shakspeare's works, with his publisher, was, that he should receive £100 for every thousand copies sold.

The name, and portions of the works of Robert Burns, are also well known in France, and, from the high admiration which the French have expressed of such of his poems as have been translated, a desire has been expressed that the whole of his poetical writings should appear in a French dress. M. Laroche has repeatedly had it in contemplation to bring out a complete edition of Burns, but has hitherto been deterred from the task, in consequence of the great difficulty of finding French terms

which would fully convey the import of some of the more expressive words in the Scotch language.

Though only a very few English works are translated into French, our most popular English productions are reprinted in Paris by the Messrs. Galignani. Their circulation is almost exclusively confined to the English in France and Belgium.

The entire number of works published annually in Paris, may, taking the average of the last five years, and speaking in round numbers, be given at 1400: in London, the average number is 1500; so that there is little difference between the two capitals as to the number of books published. In France, however, five copies of popular works are sold for one in England. Of the 1400 works annually published in Paris, 450 belong to the department of light literature: 400 are to be ranged under the various heads of science, medicine, law, political economy, &c.: 250 are in the departments of

history, statistics, &c.: 250 are devoted to philosophy, metaphysics, morals, religion: and the remaining 150 may be ranged under the head of "miscellaneous."

CHAPTER XII.

CONVENTS.

Convents—Visit to a Convent—Interview with a nun—Sisters of Charity.

The present Convents in France are very different from those which existed prior to the Revolution of 1792. They are not so rigid in their discipline, neither are they so numerous. The number in Paris is twenty; and assuming the average number, including the noviciates, in each convent to be 50, the total number of ladies, inmates of these institutions, would be

1000. In the convents of Paris, there are a number of English ladies, but there is only one English convent, namely, the Dames Anglaises, 23, Rue des Fossés St. Victor. It is the only convent that survived the revolution. All the others were broken open, and seized by the revolutionists; and the nuns compelled to quit. Many of them came to England, where they entered similar institutions, and there remained till the time of their death.

The nuns are divided into two classes—those who have taken the vows, and those who are only noviciates. I was fortunate enough to obtain, through the medium of a friend, access to one of these institutions; and an account of my visit to it will supersede the necessity of any formal description of a French convent.

The convent which I visited was in the neighbourhood of the Faubourg Montmartre. A young lady, a relation of my own, who had been several years in Paris, had been on terms of intimacy with one of the inmates, a young lady

from Lancashire; and it was by inquiring for her that we were admitted. The friends of the nuns are allowed to call upon them,—only it is expected that the calls shall not be very frequent. The hour at which we called, was eleven in the morning. We were not permitted to go inside; neither is any one. We remained in a passage, which communicated with the apartment in which the nuns are allowed to see their friends. We inquired for the "sister" whom we wished to see; and in a few seconds she made her appearance. She was a young woman, about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, and appeared much more robust, and to have a much greater flow of spirits, than accorded with my ideas of a perpetual residence in a convent. My relation, speaking through an opening protected by iron bars, accosted the nun with—"How do you do, Miss A———? I am glad to see you."

"Ah! ———, how are you? I am so glad to see you. I had made up my mind never to

see you again. I thought you had been quite lost. Take a chair."

The other took a chair, which was standing very near, and placing it close to the iron grating, through which alone conversation could be carried on, she sat down.

After a momentary pause, the latter said—"And have you been quite well since I had last the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Quite well, thank you," was the answer of the nun.

"And quite *happy* also?" laying a stress on the word happy."

"I never was so happy before, I assure you."

"I'm glad to hear it. I hope you will continue to be happy.

"I expect to be still happier."

The idea flashed across my mind, on hearing this observation, that it implied a certain degree of existing unhappiness; but that, I was satisfied by the very next sentence, was an erroneous conclusion.

"I expect," continued the nun, "to take the vows in about a month, and then my happiness will be complete."

Finding her so pleasing in her manner, and so communicative, I inquired what difference that would make in her situation. She answered with the greatest readiness, that at present she might, if she chose, quit the convent any hour she pleased, but that then, the period of her noviciate would be at an end, and she should consider herself for ever shut out from the world. She also mentioned that she would then exchange the white cloth which at present covered the upper part of her head for a piece of cloth of the same colour as her gown, which, I should here remark, was entirely black, with sleeves nearly as loose and wide as those of a clergyman's gown. About the middle it seemed to fit rather tight, but was wholly destitute of ornament, unless a few broad plaits from the top down to the waist, could be considered ornamental.

"And you have no wish to return to the world?" inquired her friend.

"None whatever; if I had any wish I could gratify it whenever I liked."

"Do none," I inquired, "of the young ladies who enter the convent regret the step they have taken, and wish to get out again?"

"Oh, yes, that frequently occurs."

"And they often leave?"

"They do not often leave of their own accord; but they are often put out."

"Oh, I did not know that you ever excommunicated any."

"Very often. Indeed, I should say, that out of ten who enter, only one remains."

"On what grounds are they compelled to leave?"

"Simply because they show, by their conduct, that to be in a convent is not their vocation. They appear, at times, to regret the step they have taken, betray a depression of spirits, and, consequently, if they were allowed to remain,

they would communicate their own unhappiness to others."

"Such young ladies must think it a great relief to get out again."

"Not always. On the contrary, some of them are most unwilling to leave the convent. When the fit of depression under which they laboured is over, they wish to remain. Some of them have actually to be put out by force. It was only two or three weeks ago that one of our number who had occasionally betrayed unhappiness at her situation, was compelled to leave, and when they were dragging her out she clung with an almost supernatural energy of grasp to the iron gratings of that door." Here the nun pointed to the front door of the passage leading into the convent.

"You look as well as ever," remarked the lady visitor.

"And so I ought, for I never was so happy before."

"I wonder you do not feel occasionally de-

pressed when you reflect on your friends and former associations."

"I never do, now. Indeed, I have cried less and laughed more since I entered the convent, than I did when I was in the world. I only wish you were as happy." And she pleasantly smiled as she spoke.

The idea of a nun laughing was contrary to all my previous notions of nunneries.

I was curious to know how the nuns employed their time, and put a question to her with the view of obtaining the information. She answered my question with the greatest readiness, and in the most unreserved manner. She said that in summer they rise at five, and in winter at half-past five. They then all meet together in the chapel belonging to the convent, where they spend a portion of time in singing hymns—psalms she called them—written in adaptation to their peculiar circumstances as persons who have renounced the pomps and vanities of the world, and specially consecrated themselves to

the service of God. They then fall down on their knees and spend an hour in silent devotion, which they call their morning meditations. During this hour all is silent as the grave, though the nuns, including the noviciates, are nearly seventy in number. They then retire from the chapel, and each one repairs to her own cell, where she occupies herself in sewing, drawing, or in any other way she pleases—only that her labour must have some charitable object in view. After breakfast, those of the nuns who are most competent to teach are employed in the school attached to the convent, and as each nun is only allowed to give instructions in one department of learning, and that the one in which she most excels, the education given in these convents is superior to that which is to be had in any other seminary in France. Hence many of the Roman Catholic nobility and gentry send their children to convents in preference to other schools. At the school of the convent in question there are three near relations of the Queen of France, the

daughters of a late royal Duchess. The Queen of France often visits them, and manifests the deepest solicitude in their intellectual progress and general well-being.

When the school hours are over, the nuns sit down to dinner. My impression was that there was something very homely in the fare of the inmates of a convent. It is not so, however, in the generality of cases, though it is in some. In the majority of instances, their meals consist of edibles of the same quality as those of which persons in their sphere of life were in the habit of partaking when in the world. After dinner, comes a plain dessert. They then resume their respective labours, each retiring to her own cell. About nine o'clock they again assemble in the chapel, where evening hymns are sung by them, in their collective capacity. After this they engage in individual devotions, and then, at ten o'clock, retire to bed.

Such is an outline of the manner in which the inmates of a convent spend every succeeding

day, Sunday excepted. On that day a priest usually says mass to them. He is not, however, admitted into the chapel, but must perform the service on the outside of an iron grating, the same as that which separated this "sister" from us. I was curious to know whether the priest had any conversation with the nuns. I put a question to the young lady in question, with the view of informing myself on the point. She assured us that during the eighteen months she had been in the convent, she had never exchanged a word with him but once, and that was when she first put on the dress in which we saw her. He congratulated her, as is the custom, on the determination to which she had come of devoting herself to a life of seclusion from the world, and she simply said, "Thank you, Sir."

The only person from the world, who is allowed to pass the door with the iron grating, is the physician. He visits the nuns twice every week, and when any of them are ill, once a day. He has no conversation with them beyond what is

strictly professional. It is a remarkable fact, that notwithstanding their constant confinement within doors, and the sedentary nature of their occupations, they are more healthy as a class, than any equal number of females chosen from the world, and enjoying uninterrupted air and exercise, will be found to be.

In answer to a question from me, the nun said, that they never hear a syllable respecting the events which take place in the world; that they are as ignorant of all social, political, and other changes, as if they were living in another planet. She added, that the only event of which they would hear, should it occur, would be a revolution, because that would concern their personal safety.

I was curious to know whether young persons in excellent health and spirits, could thus reconcile themselves to live in utter ignorance of all that was passing in the world around them; and therefore during the half hour that we were at this convent, I carefully watched to see whether

the nun would put any questions to her friend (whom she had not seen but once since she entered, which was eighteen months previously), respecting those who were their intimate acquaintances, before she devoted herself to a life of seclusion. No such question did she put to her. Nor did she betray the least emotion either when meeting or parting with her.

I remarked that those who had devoted themselves to the life of seclusion from the world which she was leading, must surely deem death desirable, and rejoice in its prospect. She said that they looked on death, not with a desire to die, but with a holy indifference, feeling that they were wholly in God's hands, and that they ought not to have, and had not, any will of their own. She added that during the period she had been in the convent, she had witnessed the deaths of several "sisters," and that nothing could exceed the perfect peace and holy tranquillity with which they contemplated their approaching end.

In this convent there were sixty-seven nuns,

thirty-five of whom had taken the vows. The remaining thirty-two were noviciates, that is, young ladies who were on trial, to see whether a life of seclusion was their vocation. The probationary state is from a year and a half to two years. No one can get into one of these convents without paying a large sum of money; never less than several hundred pounds. The amount depends on the particular institution, and the circumstances of the candidate for admission. The lady to whom I refer was a governess, and an artist of the highest talents. She had saved all her earnings for three years, both as governess and artist, to purchase her admission,—so that taking the veil was not the result of some sudden impulse. She had been brought up a Protestant, but embraced the Roman Catholic faith, soon after she had settled in Paris.

I cannot doubt the excellence of the motives which in most cases prompt the inmates of convents to shut themselves up in perpetual seclusion

from the world; but they are assuredly mistaken in their judgment as to what must be pleasing in the sight of God. Society is deprived of the benefit of their holy example. There is something selfish, though they are not conscious of it, in their seclusion from the world. There is a class of females called "Sisters of Charity," in Paris, who, in one sense, have also renounced the world, and devoted themselves wholly to works of charity; but theirs is intelligible and commendable conduct. They are constantly to be seen in the streets of Paris (they are distinguished from others by a peculiarity of dress) on their way to or return from their visits to the poor, the sick, the miserable, the dying. These females do unspeakable good, and must be held in high veneration by those who are acquainted with their self-denying and devoted labours. Nuns are doing no sensible good. So far as they are concerned the sick would never be visited, nor the victims of wretchedness receive the consolations of religion.

CHAPTER XIII.

EDUCATION—BOARDING SCHOOLS.

Education generally—Boys' Boarding Schools—Boarding Schools for young ladies—Various establishments—Hints to parents—Terms, &c.

THE subject of education is one which has attracted much attention in France. There are free schools provided at the expense of the State for the children of all those parents who choose to avail themselves of them. And for youug men, about to enter into learned professions, there is the most abundant educational provision, in the shape of classes, lectures, and so

forth, to which there is gratuitous admission to all who are pleased to attend. Fees are only exacted from those who enter their names as regular students for one or other of the learned professions. The charges in such a case are exceedingly moderate, ranging between seventy and a hundred francs, or from £2 16s. to £4 4s. for the season. The exceeding cheapness, coupled with the excellent quality of the higher branches of education in Paris, is the principal reason, as I once before hinted, why students flock to that city from all parts of Europe.

My object, however, in this chapter is rather to refer to the boarding schools of Paris. Of boys' boarding schools, I shall say but little, because comparatively few boys are sent to these institutions from England. The terms for boys are high. The more respectable schools charge from £100 to £120. The former is the charge made by M. Derumler, a German, and Protestant gentleman, who keeps a very excellent school in the Rue Conscelles. Another estab-

lishment for boys, where the charges are the same, which was very highly spoken of to me, is that of M. Brencheri, an Italian gentleman. This institution is in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré. The Rev. Frederick Monod, 80, Faubourg, St. Martin, Pastor of the Protestant Church, mentioned to me that it his intention to take in a limited number of young gentlemen as boarders, whose education he himself will superintend. I know enough of the Rev. Gentleman to justify me in saying, that there is not a seminary in France to which boys could be sent with more confidence, either as respects their religious principles or their general education.

Boarding schools for young ladies are exceedingly numerous in Paris; but there is a very great difference in the character of these establishments. It is necessary that parents should exercise great care in relation to the schools in which they place their daughters. With the requisite care in the selection of a school, they may send their daughters to Paris with the greatest

confidence, that everything will be to their satisfaction. An impression is general in this country, that there is much greater danger to the virtue of young ladies in the capital of France, than in the metropolis of this country. There could not be a greater mistake. In *all* the boarding schools of Paris, possessing the most slender claims to respectability, the greatest vigilance is exercised over the young ladies. It is wholly impossible they can ever, personally or by letter, form an acquaintance with any one of our sex. On that head, therefore, the minds of parents may be at rest. In this respect, the schools of Paris have the advantage of the schools of London. The only danger in Paris is, that a young lady may have her Protestant principles undermined—assuming her to be a Protestant—or her mind poisoned in another sense by the improper conversation of her school-fellows. These are two possible evils to be guarded against. The sure protection against them is in the selection of a proper establishment. If due

inquiry be made, and a little care be exercised, there can be no difficulty in making such selection.

It is a very prevalent impression in England, that a Protestant young lady cannot be placed in any Catholic school in Paris, without systematic attempts being made to induce her to abjure her Protestantism, and embrace the Romish religion. Nothing could be more unfounded. In all the respectable Catholic seminaries, the most rigid injunctions are given to the young Catholic ladies not, on any account, or under any pretext, to attempt to make proselytes of their Protestant school-companions; and if it is found that any one disobeys the injunction, she incurs the severe displeasure of the proprietrix. The attempt therefore is very rarely made; but when it is, a repetition of the offence will be effectually prevented by the Protestant young lady making a complaint to the lady of the establishment. I am here, I need not say, speaking of the schools which have a character to lose. If for the sake of

greater cheapness, parents send their daughters to Catholic schools of doubtful respectability, there is a danger. In all respectable establishments, if the precaution be taken of enjoining their daughter to complain to the proprietrix, should any attempt be made to undermine her Protestant principles, there is no danger whatever. I may mention an instance, communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Toas, of the attention which is paid to the wishes of Protestant parents, in reference to the religious education of their children, when sent to a respectable Catholic seminary. A Wesleyan Methodist gentleman of high character, in the United States, sent his two daughters to be educated in the establishment of Madame Espart, near the Madeleine, with a particular request that they should be allowed to attend on the ministry of Mr. Toas. The lady so scrupulously complied with the wishes of the gentleman, as herself to accompany the two young ladies to the Wesleyan Chapel every

Sunday morning, and to remain with them during the whole of the service, though not understanding a word of English.

Among the Protestant establishments for young ladies, there is one of which the most favourable accounts were furnished to me. I allude to the school kept so many years by two English ladies, the Misses Martin, in the Avenue Lord Byron, near the principal arch, Champs Elysées. These two ladies blend the strictest regard to religious education, based on Evangelical principles, with the highest order of secular instruction. Their establishment has for many years held a high place in Paris.

Among the Catholic schools, the one kept by Monsieur Fournier, is celebrated for the proficiency which English young ladies make in a knowledge of the French language. This establishment is also in the Champs Elysèes, close to the Barrier de l'Etoile. Monsieur Fournier, who superintends the French department himself, is one of the ablest and most success-

ful teachers in Paris. Madame Fournier is a lady of excellent and amiable disposition, and treats the pupils in the most kindly manner. The number of their pupils was, in August last, ninety-five, all of whom with the exception of three were French. The English ladies, therefore, hearing nothing but French, cannot help learning that language, however inattentive they may be, or however little aptitude they may possess for the acquisition of languages.

In all the leading boarding schools in Paris, the summer holidays commence about the end of August, and last upwards of six weeks. At the breaking-up, there is always a distribution of prizes in the presence of a concourse of persons,—mostly the parents and relations of the pupils. I was present at the distribution of prizes on the 24th of August last, in the establishment of Monsieur and Madame Fournier; and a more interesting or pleasing spectacle I have seldom witnessed. It took place in the chapel belonging to the school, in the presence

of from 250 to 300 spectators. The chapel was fitted up for the occasion in a style of the greatest elegance. On either side were ranges of benches, beautifully covered with velvet cushions, and elevated several feet above the floor. In the middle were the young ladies, ninety-five in number, and all ranged according to their ages,—the youngest nearest the platform, and the oldest farthest removed from it. They were all attired in white muslin dresses, each having a sash fastened on the right shoulder, denoting by its colour the class to which she belonged. On the platform were the various professors connected with the establishment. Madame Fournier stood in the centre of the platform, and commenced the business of the day by delivering an address to her pupils. The address occupied nearly half an hour in the delivery, and repeatedly called forth expressions of applause,—the lady spectators joining cordially with the gentlemen present, in clapping their hands on hearing its most pointed pas-

sages. As Madame Fournier is not only a very handsome woman, but a graceful elocutionist, the delivery of her address afforded the highest gratification to all present. Some of the young ladies, on the conclusion of the address, afforded the audience a specimen of their musical acquirements, by brilliant performances on the piano. Several others sang, after which Monsieur Fournier read some of their own compositions.

Next came the distribution of prizes. Every young lady ascended the platform to receive her prize. On its being handed to her, the priest crowned her with a wreath of ivy flowers. Madame Fournier having then embraced her, she returned in triumph to her seat. The spectacle lasted about three hours, and afforded the greatest satisfaction to all who witnessed it.

One great defect in the French schools, is that of not adopting any means to remove those prejudices against all other countries, and especially against England, which are perceptible

even in the younger members of the community. One of the first feelings of the French seems to be a dislike to all other countries, but especially this country. They look on France as the only country in the world worth living in. And these foolish prejudices, instead of being corrected and removed, are rather fostered and encouraged in the educational establishments of Paris. The question was one day last summer given out as a subject for an essay, in one of the leading ladies' schools in the place, "Why are the French not travellers?" All the more advanced pupils, in an establishment where there were more than eighty ladies, were asked to write on it; and in every instance the answer in substance was,—"Because France contains every thing that is necessary to happiness; and there is no other country in the world equal to it." Now, surely it is unworthy of so great a people as the French, thus to foster these ridiculous opinions of their own country, and to encourage groundless prejudices against other lands.

If I were to point out another defect in the French boarding schools, it would be this, that in the system of education which prevails, the *heart* is wholly neglected. The head is only thought of. And yet I do not see why I should particularly complain of this in relation to French schools; for the very same defect exists in our English seminaries. Both here and in France much has yet to be learnt in reference to the education of the heart. Until more attention be paid to the feelings, in the early stages of life, society will never be what it ought to become.

Those who are anxious that their daughters should acquire such a knowledge of French, as to be able to speak it with fluency and purity, ought to send them to Paris. The very best French masters cannot make them mistresses of it in this country. It is only by mixing constantly among the French, and hearing nothing but their language spoken, that a pure accent can be acquired. The age at which it is

best to send young ladies to France to learn the language, is about seventeen; and if sent to a proper school, twelve months, with an average aptitude, will be sufficient. It is exceedingly desirable, that a school be chosen where there are few English ladies; for where there are many, they will persist in conversing with one another in their own language instead of the French, in defiance of all the vigilance and all the injunctions to the contrary, of their governesses.

Education in France is much about the same expense as in England. No respectable young ladies' establishment charges less than 1200 francs, or £50 per annum. Several establishments charge as high as 1800 francs, or £75 sterling. The average charge is 1500 francs, or £62 10s. This includes everything. English parents never hear of extras when they send their daughters to Paris. The instruction in music and drawing, as well as in French, is much superior in Paris, to what it is in this country.

English families intending to reside in Paris can readily procure French tutors or governesses, to attend to the education of their children at home. On this subject the following notice appears in the Annunaire Biographique de France:—"Families visiting the capital generally experience the want of some one to whom they may in all confidence address themselves to obtain governesses and professors; and we cannot do better than to mention Mrs. Schmidt, 19 Rue de Ponthien, Champs Elysées. M. Schmidt has drawn around him the most experienced professors, in the various branches of learning ancient and modern." I can bear my personal testimony to the accuracy of what is here stated.

CHAPTER XIV.

STATE OF RELIGION.

The Roman Catholic religion—The Protestant Reformed Church—Various other religious bodies—Progress of Romanism.

PROPERLY speaking there is no State religion in France, all religions being eligible to receive State pay, and many of them being paid by the State. But the Roman Catholic religion may, nevertheless, be in some respects considered the State religion. It is the religion of the King, of the nobility, and of the great mass of those who profess any religion at all.

Although there are fifteen archbishops in

France, there is only one in Paris; and although there are sixty-five bishops in the provinces, there is not one in the capital. Three of the archbishops are cardinals. The sum yearly paid by Government for the support of these eighty dignitaries of the Romish church, is 1,067,000 francs, or somewhat more than £41,100, — which would give an average income of little more than £500 per annum. It will be seen that the dignitaries of the Romish Church in France are poorly paid, in comparison with the dignitaries of the English Church. In Paris there is one vicar-general, who is something between a bishop and a vicar. There are also, in Paris, fifteen priests of an order corresponding to vicars in our English Church, whose incomes vary from £200 to £300. There is an inferior order of priests called curés, corresponding to our curates. There are three, four, or five, of these curés, according to circumstances, connected with all the leading churches, of which there is one to each of the twelve arrondisse-

ments. They are the hard-working men, being constantly employed in conducting the ritual parts of the service, attending in the confessional, registering baptisms, performing the marriage ceremony, and also attending the sick and dying. They rarely preach: indeed many of them are so imperfectly educated, that they could not make a creditable appearance in the pulpit. They are almost without an exception the sons of peasants, in humble circumstances, in the provinces. Their pay is very small, scarcely ever exceeding £80 per annum, and often as low as £60. Good mechanics can earn more than they receive,—the only difference being that as their religion forbids them to marry, they have no wives or families to support.

The Catholic churches are open every day in the week, and all hours of the day, from six in the morning till four in the afternoon. There are no pews in any of the Catholic churches. Cane chairs, made very strongly, are used in

all of them, for seats. On Sunday forenoon, and on all holidays, when mass is celebrated, two-pence is charged for each person for the use of a chair. The amount collected is applied to purposes of charity. Sermons, even when preached by a man of talent, rarely excite any interest in the Catholic churches when delivered, which is always the case on Sunday forenoon, contemporaneously with the celebration of mass. I went once to the church of St. Roch —the church attended by the royal family— and though a very eloquent man was preaching in one of the aisles, there were not more than twenty persons listening to him; while in the body of the building there were at least 1200 people attending mass. I can easily account for this from the peculiar character of the French. They are fond of show: they have no relish for anything that is simple. Hence so splendid a spectacle as that which is exhibited when mass is celebrated in any of the principal churches of

Paris, could not fail to attract and delight the Parisians.

The denomination next in importance to the Roman Catholics, is the Protestant Reformed Church. The entire number of ministers in France belonging to this body is about 400. Of this number, nearly 200 preach evangelically. The rest are either Socinians or mere moral preachers. A great change for the better has of late taken place in this denomination. Thirty years ago, there were not more than ten out of the whole body of the pastors in the Protestant Church, who held evangelical views. In Paris, the number of pastors in the Protestant Reformed Church is five, all of whom, with one exception, are zealous preachers of evangelical truth. By far the largest of the two congregations connected with this body, is that which meets in the Oratoire. The average attendance cannot be less than 1200 or 1400. The pastors are the Rev. Frederick Monod and the Rev. Mr. Cocquerrelle. Mr. Monod has

three brothers in the ministry, all of whom, as well as himself, preach evangelically. Of his colleague's evangelism, there is, I fear, too much room for doubt. Mr. Monod's brother, the Rev. Alphonse Monod, of Lyons, is decidedly the first orator, as well as one of the most devoted men in France. When he preaches in the Oratoire, it is crowded to excess; and he is listened to with the most absorbing attention I ever witnessed. He is a man of the highest order of talent, of ardent piety, and of consuming zeal in his Master's service. He is doing unspeakable good in the South of France. I met with him in private, and was much struck with the exceeding modesty of his manner. When I heard him preach, and saw the effects produced on his crowded audience, my mind at once reverted to what I had read of the oratory and eloquence of the celebrated Massillon.

The members of the Protestant Church of France consider themselves a branch of the Church of Scotland. Since the disruption of the

latter body, they have identified themselves with the Free Church. They are making collections among themselves,—I mean those of them in Paris—in favour of the Seceders, which they expect to amount to about £100. Mr. Frederick Monod mentioned to me, that the only value which they attach to the amount, consists in its being a practical expression of their sympathy with the Free Church clergy. They have so many claims on themselves that they are not able to do much for others.

The form of worship in the Reformed Church of France is still the same as it was in the time of Beza. Worship commences by the reader, or clerk, who is dressed in a gown and bands, reading a chapter. The congregation then join together in singing a psalm. Afterwards the clerk, reads the ten commandments. The minister next makes a confession of sin, in the form of a short prayer composed by Beza. A portion of the Psalms of David is then again sung, after which the preacher addresses the throne of grace

in an extemporaneous prayer. The sermon comes next. It usually occupies an hour in the delivery, and is followed by a sort of liturgical prayer, which is succeeded by singing and the benediction. The congregation then depart, the services having altogether occupied about two hours.

The Protestant Reformed Church in France is supported by the State. Each of the five ministers in Paris receives 3000 francs, or £145 from Government. Their congregations make additional contributions for their support.

The mode of choosing a pastor among this denomination, is peculiar. The consistory, a body resembling the eldership in Scotland, send a memorial to the King in favour of the man they are desirous to obtain. The consistory are supposed to represent the views of the congregation; and their wishes are, in every instance, unless there should be something extraordinary in the case, complied with by Government. The number of persons in Paris belonging to the

Reformed Church may be about 2500. There are only two churches at present, but a third is about to be built.

The next body deserving of notice, is the Church of England. There are two churches in Paris in connection with the English establishment. The one is under the superintendence of Bishop Luscombe, and the other is under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Lovet. The latter Rev. gentleman preaches evangelically to from 400 to 500 people. Bishop Luscombe's congregation is, perhaps, about the same size. The bishop built his church entirely at his own expense. He expended £8000 out of his private funds, in its erection. He is chaplain to the British embassy,—for which he is inadequately paid. He belongs to the High Church party, but disclaims Tractarianism. Another Anglican church has been proposed to be built in Paris, by the Rev. Mr. Gourrier—a gentleman who was brought up a Roman Catholic, and studied for the French bar; but marrying an

English Protestant lady, he became a Protestant, and abjured the bar in favour of the pulpit. He came over to this country to collect money to build an Anglican church in Paris. I am told he succeeded in getting about £3000. It were well if the religious public of England were a little more careful as to the persons to whom, and the *real* objects for which, they give their money. Little did they dream, when putting their hands into their pockets to assist Mr. Gourrier, that they were contributing to the spread of Puseyism in France. The Rev. gentleman returned to Paris with his gold,—showed a marked discourtesy towards Bishop Luscombe, one of the kindest as well as most intelligent men I ever met with, and beloved by everybody,—and commenced preaching in some little place which he hired for the purpose. His last audience—the last one, I mean, of which I have had any account—consisted of less than a dozen persons. Nor need any one be surprised at this. It would be very unreasonable

to expect the French, or anybody else, to patronise a spurious article, when the genuine is within their reach. Why should they take Puseyism, when Romanism, which is Puseyism in perfection, is accessible to them? *When* the new Anglican church is to be built, I know not. I wonder if Mr. Gourrier himself has any certain knowledge on the subject.

There are congregations of Wesleyan Methodists, Independents, and Plymouth Brethren, in Paris. The Wesleyan Methodists are making considerable way both in Paris and the provinces. Twenty-seven years ago, when the Rev. Mr. Toas, the Wesleyan minister, went to Paris, there was not one man who preached the gospel: now there are nine or ten. Since then, too, the Bible Society has distributed several hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures. The Wesleyans have several schools. They have one in the Boulevards, in which 100 children are constantly receiving a scriptural education. About 500 children have passed through this

school within the last seven years. The Wesleyans have twenty-one regular ministers in France, and sixty local preachers. The number of their adherents is about 10,000. Mr. has a highly respectable and pious congregation, in the neighbourhood of the Madeleine.

The Independents are in a very discouraging state. The day on which I went to hear the Rev. Mr. Wilks, his congregation did not exceed forty persons; and I am assured, that the average attendance is under that number. This is not as it ought to be. With proper energy and exertion, I am satisfied, from what I learned in Paris, that an excellent Independent congregation might be formed in that city. Some time ago, a popular minister preached in Mr. Wilks's chapel for several weeks, and the attendance was very large.

The Plymouth Brethren have their weekly meetings. They consist of twenty-two or twenty-three individuals. They celebrate the sacra-

ment of the Lord's Supper weekly.* There are only nine or ten Baptists in Paris. Of Quakers, the number is five or six.

The Lutherans have two churches, with respectable congregations. The Jews have one synagogue. The Jews and the Lutherans are paid by the State. Neither the Wesleyan Methodists nor the Independents receive any State support. The entire number of Protestants in Paris is supposed to be from 5000 to 6000.

The Protestants have five journals, devoted to the advocacy of their principles. "L'Esperance," and the "Archives of Christianity," are the most influential and best known. The latter has been established twenty-six years,

* In this they are right, and all the churches which omit weekly communion are wrong. I have lately written a little work, of 100 pages, entitled, "A Plea for Weekly Communion," in which, I think, I satisfactorily show, that weekly communion was the practice of the primitive churches; and that it is as binding on the churches of the present day, as it was on those founded by the apostles. The little work is published by Ward and Co., Paternoster Row.

and is ably conducted by the Rev. Frederick Monod. It is published once a fortnight.

The French are considered a nation of infidels. The propriety of the designation depends on the sense in which it is understood. Practically, they are infidels; speculatively, they are not. The infidelity of the French, is the infidelity of ignorance and indifference. They have not adopted infidel opinions, after a careful and unbiassed consideration of the evidences for and against Christianity; for they have never bestowed a thought on the subject. They know nothing, literally nothing, of the arguments in favour of Christianity,—and scarcely anything of the arguments which have been urged against it. The very little they do know of the objections which have been brought against the Christian system, has been picked up at second-hand, without the slightest examination into their worth or validity, from the writings of Voltaire, Volney, and the other deists and atheists of the last century. In this country

we occasionally meet with intelligent infidels,—men who can assign ingenious though inconclusive reasons for their unbelief. In France you meet with no such person. Ask a Frenchman why he is an infidel, and he cannot render you a reason. He is just as ignorant of all that is distinctive in the Christian scheme, as are the most untutored tribes of Africa. If he goes to church at all, it is not to be instructed in divine truth, but to hear the music, admire the paintings, and take part in the mere forms—very magnificent, certainly—which are there gone through. If you propose to enlighten him, he spurns your kindly offer. He is pleased with his religious ignorance: he hugs it to his bosom, as prisoners have been known to hug their chains. Of the truth of this, I was furnished with some most striking instances, when in the French capital.

But though the French nation have hitherto, ever since the time of the first revolution, been sunk in the grossest spiritual ignorance, and

consequently been a nation of negative unbelievers, a very marked change is evidently about to take place. Men are now beginning to go to church, and to evince an interest in religious matters. I was repeatedly asked by English gentlemen, whether I ever saw any male persons in the Catholic churches; and when I told them that I did see a great many on every occasion on which I went into a Romish place of worship, they were surprised. They remarked they had never seen any of our sex in the churches, but that the worshippers invariably consisted of women. Until within the last twelve months, this was literally the case. Men never thought of crossing the threshold of a church, except once in their lives; and that was on the occasion of their marriage. Now, however, a reaction has fairly commenced; and France is on the eve of making a sudden transition from one extreme to another—from the extreme of total indifference to all religion, to the extreme of the grossest superstition. What

took place at the first revolution, is about to be reversed. Then the leap was from the grossest and most degrading superstition, to an entire disregard and denial of all religion; now the bound is to be from the latter back to the former extreme. The priests are acquiring power and influence in France with an unheard-of rapidity. A few years ago they were disregarded and despised. They were the objects of pity, if not of contempt. They had not, and did not pretend to have, the slightest influence in the country. They sought not, but rather shunned publicity. Now they are coming openly forward, and holding their heads erect in society. They are proclaiming their determination to assert their ecclesiastical rights, and even boldly bearding the Government of Philippe. Who, five short years ago, would have thought all this within the pale of possibility? Who, even two years since, would have expected to see the priesthood of France standing at this hour in an attitude which not only alarms the Government of Louis Philippe, but

which attracts the attention of the whole of Europe?

I was quite prepared, from information communicated to me when in Paris, for the determination of the ecclesiastical power in France, to give battle to the civil power on the subject of the education of youth in the universities. The propriety of putting forward the claims of the priests to the right of either having the entire control over the education of the youth in the universities, or withdrawing their chaplains altogether, was debated by the Archbishop of Paris and the leaders in the present ecclesiastical movement, six months ago; but it was then judged the wiser course to wait a little longer, until they should better consolidate their strength, and be able to engage in the conflict with a greater probability of success. What is to be the immediate issue, remains to be seen. But though the priests may be defeated now, they will soon again renew the conflict, and never rest until they have brought the

civil power to succumb to them, in reference to the education of the young. The day on which their claims are conceded, will be the blackest day for Protestantism in France, since the massacre of Bartholomew. Nor are my fears confined to the Protestantism of France. I have equal apprehensions for the Protestantism of England, of Europe—ay, and of Christendom, also. The battle is to begin, or rather *has* begun in France; but it will not end there. It will speedily be extended to this country, and to every country in which Protestantism has a footing. There is at this moment a well-organised conspiracy among the heads of the Romish church in all parts of the world, to crush Protestantism wherever it exists. The Jesuits, who are the prime movers in this great anti-protestant crusade, are known to be more numerous at this time than they ever were before. M. Michelet, the celebrated French historian, asserts that they are in possession of no fewer than 40,000 pulpits. England swarms with

Jesuits. Many of them are connected with our current literature. Private society is infested with them, though they are not suspected. But what may appear more surprising still, is the fact that some of them—I mean some of those who have been formally and by oath initiated into the order—actually occupy pulpits in the Church of England. At least one such case, it is understood, would admit of the most conclusive proof.

But to what, it may be asked, are we to ascribe the wonderful revival of the Roman Catholic religion, which is now taking place in France? What has led to the extraordinary activity and high hopes of the Romish Church, in all parts of the world? No attentive observer of what is passing around him can have any doubts as to the answer which ought to be returned. All that is taking place around us, is to be attributed to the prevalence of Puseyism in this country. The Tractarian movement here, first inspired the Romanists with hopes of being able to crush

Protestantism in all parts of the world. That movement gave them courage, and its continued progress keeps up their spirits, and makes them more and more confident of the ultimate, and even the early, success of their crusade.—We have heard much of late, of splits among the Tractarians, and of the consequent ruin of their cause. It is not true, that any serious split has taken place. Mr. Palmer's pamphlet I look upon in no other light than that of a piece of skilful Tractarian strategy. This gentleman affects to have a great horror of the Church of Rome. Will he deny that he has of late expressed the most earnest desire to see an amalgamation of the Anglican Church, the Church of Rome, and the Greek Church? Will he deny that he has privately written a great deal with the view of accomplishing this object,—an object most dear to his heart? If he make the denial, I shall be prepared with my proofs.

Let no man, therefore, be deceived by the conduct of the Tractarians. It is their game, by

means of feints of this nature, to throw the real Protestants,—the evangelical party in the Church of England, off their guard. But even were Puseyism, as a system, destroyed in this country, that would not undo the mischief it has already done. That would not arrest the progress of the anti-protestant movement which it has set a-going in France, and throughout all the Romish states in the world. The Puseyites of England have lighted an anti-Protestant fire, not only here, but in France, in America, in India, indeed, all over Christendom, which they cannot now extinguish, even were they so disposed.

And here I cannot but express my regret, that no part of the daily press, with the single exception of "The Morning Herald," devotes a portion of its space to an exposure of the real character of Tractarianism, considered in its theological bearings. That journal has done, and is doing, great service to the cause of evangelical truth by its able and eloquent articles on the subject. "The Standard," for a long time, fought

manfully side by side with "The Herald," but seems to have latterly quitted the field. I am much afraid, from some incidental expressions I have recently seen in "The Standard," that that journal has fallen into the too common error—that Tractarianism may be considered to have run its course. The delusion is not only a great but a most dangerous one, as the Protestants of England will soon discover. I wish it may not be to their cost.

I am no alarmist. Those who have read my works know that I am not. But I do feel, from what I saw and learnt in France, that Protestantism is everywhere at this moment in the utmost peril, from the movement now taking place among our Continental neighbours. In thus expressing myself, I speak what I know, and testify to what I have seen. There was scarcely a day during my stay in Paris, in which I did not visit some Catholic church, and carefully observe all that was going on therein. Besides, I met with most of the Protestant

ministers, and many of the most intelligent Protestant laymen of different denominations in Paris, and they one and all concur in the gloomy apprehensions I entertain respecting the events which are likely to happen in France. It is of itself a very significant fact, that a great many of the sons of the ancient noblesse have within the last few years entered the church. They are all, to a man, bigots and intolerants of the fiercest kind.

After what I saw and heard in France, I could not close this work, with any satisfaction to my own mind, without raising my warning voice to the Protestant public of this country. My firm conviction is, that we are on the eve of the accomplishment of those predictions in both the Old and New Testaments, which refer to the deadly struggle between the Protestant and the Papal principles, which is to precede the ushering in of the Millennium. The appeal to evangelical Christians of all denominations may now be made

with a fearful propriety—"Who is on the Lord's side, let him come forth."

CONCLUSION.

In bringing my work to a conclusion, it is right to mention that I have been unable to make use of all the materials which I had collected when in France. Before closing, I may mention that the number of resident English in the French capital is not nearly so great as is generally supposed. I went there with the impression, that there could not be less than from 15,000 to 18,000 of our countrymen permanently settled in Paris. After careful inquiries on the subject, I am now satisfied that the entire number of English residents in that city does not exceed 7,000. In the months of August and September, however, when our countrymen are travelling in all directions, the average number in Paris cannot be under 15,000.

It is a curious fact, that notwithstanding the

strong prejudices which the French entertain towards England and the English, the French gentlemen give a decided preference to English ladies when they mean to marry. An Englishman visiting Paris, is surprised at the number of English ladies with French husbands he meets with. If an English lady, of passable appearance, remains long unmarried in Paris, the presumption is that the fault is her own. It is worthy of remark, on the other hand, that an English gentleman, resident in Paris, very rarely marries a French lady.

The extent to which the Sabbath is desecrated in Paris, is truly fearful. The shops, with very few exceptions, are all open as on other days, and the theatres are more crowded on the evening of that day, than on the evening of any other day of the week. If a private ball is to be given, the Sabbath is the day fixed for it. Public balls, also, usually take place on that day. But what is still more shocking, is the fact that all the Government *fêtes* are given on Sunday. From

40,000 to 50,000 of the inhabitants of Paris visit the places, every Sunday in the summer time, where the Government *fêtes* are given. Versailles, St. Cloud, and the other localities selected, have all the appearance of a Greenwich Fair on these occasions. Here, then, we have a King professing Christianity, and a Prime Minister (Guizot) glorying in his Protestantism, not only sanctioning, but actually making themselves the principal parties to this dreadful desecration of the Sabbath.

THE END.

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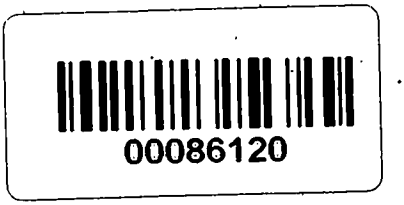

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